The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE; WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

VOL. V.—NO. 1. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1870. WHOLE NO. 105.

The Revolution, For 1870.

THE REVOLUTION is a weekly journal advocating Suffrage for women.

The demands for woman everywhere to-day, are for a wider range of employment, higher wages, thorough physical and mental education, and an equal right before the law in all those relations which grow out of the marriage state. While we yield to none in the earnestness of our advocacy of all these claims, we make a broader demand for the Enfranchisement of Woman, as the only way by which all her just rights can be permanently secured. By discussing, as we shall, incidentally all leading questions of political and social importance, we hope to educate women for an intelligent judgment upon public affairs, and for a faithful expression of that judgment at the polls.

While we would not refuse men an occasional word in our columns, yet as masculine ideas have ruled the race for six thousand years, we specially desire that THE REVOLUTION shall be the mouth-piece of women, that they may give the world the feminine thought in politics, religion and social life; that ultimately in the union of both we may find the truth in all things.

On the idea taught by the creeds, codes and customs of the world, that woman was made for man—his toy, drudge, subject, or even mere companion—we declare war to the death, and proclaim the higher truth that, like man, she was created by God for INDIVIDUAL, MORAL RESPONSIBILITY and progress here and forever, and that the physical conditions of her earthly life are not to be taken as a limitation of the evidence of the Divine intention respecting her as an immortal being.

Our principal contributors this year are:

ANNA E. DICKINSON,
ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
ALICE AND PHEBE CARY,
OLIVE LOGAN,
MARY CLEMMER AMES,
ELIZABETH R. TILTON,
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MARY W. SAWTELL,
ELIZABETH T. SCHENCK,
MARY E. AMES.

FOREIGN.

REBECCA MOORE,
LYDIA E. BECKER,
MADAME MARIE GOEG.

In announcing this brilliant array of contributors for the coming year, we wish to say to our readers that as THE REVOLUTION is an independent journal, bound to no party or sect, those who write for our columns are responsible only for what appears under their own names. Hence if old Abolitionists and Slaveholders, Republicans and Democrats, Presbyterians and Universalists, Catholics and Protestants find themselves side by side in writing up the question of Woman Suffrage, they must pardon each other's differences on all other points, trusting, that by giving their own views strongly and grandly, they will overshadow the errors by their side.

Entering on our third year, it gives us pleasure to say that THE REVOLUTION started with a good list of subscribers, which was more than doubled the second year. Equal increase of patronage in the future will soon place us on a permanent basis, and make a woman's paper in this country a financial success.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Cor. Editor.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

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All communications should be directed to SUSAN B. ANTHONY, 49 East 23d Street, New York.

THE BORN THRALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

WITH the present number we commence a new story, entitled "The Born Thrall, or Woman's Life and Experience," by the well-known writer, Miss Alice Cary—to be completed during the year. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to the Anti-Slavery movement, this work will be to the cause of Woman. A real life and experience—uniting a solid, moral and religious purpose with Miss Cary's well known talent in the departments of general literature, poetry and fiction—our readers may confidently expect a work of no ordinary interest and importance—worth much more than the price of one subscription to THE REVOLUTION for the year.

ALICE CARY.—We are assured by persons who have seen portions of Miss Cary's Story in Manuscript that it will be one of the most remarkable as well as interesting unfoldings of the mysteries of womanhood in itself, and in all its thousand relations, that has been yet produced. If Englishwomen needed Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh, so do American women. And in Miss Cary's story of *The Born Thrall* they shall have it. Let every reader of THE REVOLUTION, especially every subscriber, so report and thus induce others to become subscribers, so as to give its thrilling truths the widest extent possible. We commence the new year with a greatly increased subscription list. And we are sure our friends will lend us their hearty cooperation, remembering always that it is for them and their children, especially for mothers and their daughters, of every race, THE REVOLUTION *pleads*, indeed is published at all.

IT IS I.

IT is I—S. B. A.—who has listened to the reading of some of the chapters of BORN THRALL, by the charming poet herself. And, unless it was her witching eyes—her sweet, pale face—her silver locks—her deep, rich tones—her generally magic presence as she, from her invalid's chair, poured out her soul's holiest experiences through her homely but honest "players on the stage"—unless it was Miss Cary herself that so entranced me—the story is inimitable, and will thrill every true woman with delight unspeakable. Therefore, friends, if you want to make glad the heart of some loved and absent one, send on an extra $3, with name and post-office address.

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5:15 p.m.	5:15 p.m.	For Paterson and Hackensack.
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5:45 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	*Way Train*, for Suffern, and intermediate Stations. Also for Hackensack.
6:15 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	*Night Express*, Daily, for all points West and South. Sleeping Coaches run through with this train to Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland and Cincinnati, without change.
6:15 p. m.	6:30 p.m.	For Piermont.
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ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Cor. Editor.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

Poetry.

NATURE.

O NATURE, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendless thy grace!
Thou false mistress of man! thou dost sport with him lightly
In his hours of ease and enjoyment; and brightly
Dost thou smile to his smile; to his joys thou inclinest,
But his sorrows, thou knowest them not, nor divinest.
While he woos, thou art wanton, thou lettest him love thee;
But thou art not his friend, for his grief cannot move thee.
And at last, when he sickens and dies, what dost thou?
All as gay are thy garments, as careless thy brow,
And thou laughest and toyest with every new-comer,
Not a tear more for winter, a smile less for summer!
Hast thou never an anguish to heave the heart under?
That fair breast of thine, O thou feminine wonder!
For all those—the young, and the fair and the strong,
Who have loved thee, and lived with thee gaily and long,
And who now on thy bosom lie dead! and their deeds
And their days are forgotten! O hast thou no weeds
And not one year of mourning—one out of the many
That decks thy new bridals forever—nor any
Regrets for thy lost loves, concealed from the new,
O thou widow of earth's generations? Go to!
If the sea and the night-wind know aught of these things,
They do not reveal it. We are not thy kings.

Had Lucile found in life that communion which links
All that woman but dreams . feels, conceives of and thinks
With what man acts and is, concentrating the strength
Of her genius within her affections at length
Finding woman's full use through man's life, by man's skill
Re-adapted to forms fixed for life, the strong will
And high heart which the world's creeds now recklessly braved,
From the world's crimes the man of the world would have saved;
Reconciled, as it were, the divine with the human,
And, exalting the man, have completed the woman.

—*Extracts from "Lucile," by Owen Meredith.*

BE good, my dear, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast Forever
One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York,]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRICKMAKERS.

HURR' up boys, hurr' up; its goin' to rain pitchforks; step to a double quick, and bring here the bricks that have been sot into rows, and are dry 'nough to be sot into the kiln, and them 'taint dry 'nough, lay some boards onto. Hurr' up your cakes, I say!"

"Whew!" whistled a lad, who, having lost his boy's voice, and not yet gotten his man's beard, was not inclined to talk much; "Whew! whew!" He then unslipped the tow apron he was about tying on, threw it carelessly over the moulding-trough, and enquired of his nearest neighbor, what kept Mr. Killigrew away so long?

"What keeps him?" thundered the first speaker, "his own free will, I reckon; but no matter what keeps him, he isn't here and I am, and I am at the head o' the yard, and over you; so on with your tow apron agin, and at it with might and main, or I'll know the reason."

Walsh Hill, was the name of the man who fulminated this order, and having felicitated himself for a moment on the happiness of his rhetoric, he stepped forth from beneath the shed where the brick-kiln was beginning to take shape, wiped his muddy hands on his hair, and shook his fist at the youngest hand—the lad who had taken off his tow apron—in the very teeth of his command.

"Whew!" whistled the boy again, and then folding his arms, he leaned against the moulding-trough, as though, for his part, he saw nothing else to do.

Walsh Hill, feeling perhaps, that he could not enforce his order in that direction, turned to another of the hands—"What are you at, Mr. Go-easy?"—he said—"don't you hear, and don't you see it's a-goin' to rain like the devil, and all the bricks 'll be spilt?"

"My name's Barber, if I am the gentleman you're talking to," replied the man addressed as Mr. Go-easy, and then he added: "Seems to me your mighty considerate for other folk's interest, all at once—'taint five minutes past one yet, and Mr. Killigrew 'aint the man to waste much time—he'll be here himself directly and save all trouble."

"Mr. Barber," said Hill, coming forward and offering his hand, "I meant no disrespect to you, 'pon my honor as a gentleman, but I was throwed off my guard a little by this everlasting reference to Killigrew. I'm sick of his name, I hate it, and hate him into the bargain! No, no, sir; I wasn't putting on no airs, not towards you."

"I don't want you to *Mister* me," replied Barber, giving his hand. "A feller just talks to hear himself, sometimes, you know; but I do think your hatred of Mr. Killigrew rather unreasonable; come now!"

"I tell you, Mr. Barber"——

"Don't mister me, call me plain Joe, I don't want no handle onto my name."

"Well, then, I tell you, Joe, you don't know that rascal, he's bound for to keep ahead of us all, and for to keep us down."

"Don t b'lieve in that doctrine, one man don't keep another down if its into him for to go up—but it's going to rain, as you said, so let's to work." And thrashing his goad across the fly-bitten shoulders of the oxen, that stood with drooping faces and mired to their bellies in the pit, wherein they had been treading all the morning, he cried, "Come 'long, Buck! come 'long, Bright?" and, pulling their legs slowly out of the stiffened mortar, they began their weary round.

"Hold on!" exclaims Hill, "I want to bring you to your senses about this Killigrew—you're about half blind, but I think the scales would fall from your eyes, if I was to tell you a thing or two! Will you hear, or no?"

"Hain't the time to spare now—gee 'long, Buck!—gee 'long, Bright!"

Hill jerked the goad from the hand of his friend, and striking it across the honest faces of the oxen, brought them to a sudden halt. Poor beasts!—man had joined them together contrary to the wise intimations of nature. One had long legs, the other short; one had horns, of the longest and broadest, the other had no horns; one was lean, the other fat; one black and the other white. Even the rude man, who had struck them so wantonly, seemed to catch some faint perception of the unfitness of things, and to be moved with coarse compassion as he saw them standing there so mismatched, fetching short breath and lolling their tongues, for, lifting his hand, he sprang it like a trap against the quivering side of one of them, and then with his fingers combed away the loosened hair and murdered flies.

"In the first place," Hill began, "what business has old Killigrew to be away at this time o' day? its half an hour late."

"Not so much, and besides, he isn't the only one that's away. Mr. Smith isn't here.

"Well, sir!—Smith has got a right for to do perty much as he pleases! I hain't got a word to say agin Mr. Smith, he's got capital to back him—but old Sime Killigrew. Lord!"

"Its easy to say that, but I don't see that it means much."

"It means this much, Joe, it means that I hate him with the profoundest hatred—that's what!"

"No love lost, I reckon."

"Well, sir, I don't want none for to be lost onto my account, and you wouldn't nuther, if you knowed how he looks down onto you?"

"Looks down on me, does he! Well what do

I care? I can look down on him, that is, if I can get above him. A cat may look at a king, you know."

"But Joe, you don't feel like what you ort to feel, he makes us up look to him in spite of ourselves; he's a conscience and a sceercrow to every hand in the yard, they'r all a-sayin', 'What'll Killigrew think?' and 'What will Killigrew say?' You might think he had royal blood into him, when, if the truth was knowed, its nothing but dish-water—his father was poor as Job's turkey."

"They say poverty is no disgrace, and I should say if a man could turn dish-water into king's blood, it ought to be to his credit."

"'*They say!*' who are *they?* I tell you poverty *is* a disgrace, and it ort to be; money makes all the difference between man and man, and it ort to; so no more of your milk and water pap for me, I'm ahead of that I hope."

"Why that's a dreadful doctrine, Mr. Hill."

"Dreadful? I can't help it. I didn't lay the foundation onto which it rests! Look-to-here, now; what makes a man dig ditches? or mend old shoes? or wear a ragged coat?—poverty, ain't it? and what makes another man wear a fur hat on his head? and broad-cloth on his back? and ride into his carriage and be a gentleman? Ain't it money, hey? What makes old Gresham overseer o' the road, and you and me shoveling the dirt into the road? 'Cause he owns them acres yender, and we don't; that's why! How does a man ride into Congress, or any where's else that's worth ridin' into, but first by payin' hoss-hire. He's got for to treat at all perliminary meetin's, and has got for to do other things that cost money, and if nuther him, nor his friends has got it, I tell *you*, it can't be done! Why, Joe, you don't know no more'n a baby in some things."

"I read in my newspaper t'other day, that when ignorance was bliss, 'twas folly to be wise—but to go back to Killigrew. You say the ands look up to him, I know they do; but it isn't because of his money, for he hasn't much of that, and according to your story, his father before him hadn't; why is it, then? I say it's just because he's a straight-forward, good-hearted, honest, earnest man—being just what he pretends to be, and no more, and no less—I wish I was half as much of a man—there!"

"I declare, Joe, it fairly makes me down-hearted to see you took in by the like of ole Sime Killigrew. I admit all you claim for him, for I wouldn't be onjust to no white man, but when you've said he's honest, and straight-forward, and well-disposed, what have you said after all? them's common, low qualities—no man ever riz on 'em, and never will, and that's why I'm so profoundly puzzled in this case. What *do* the hands look up to? and you among 'em! that's what I want to know, for it ain't into me for to know."

"You've hit it there, Mr. Hill, that's the worst of it."

A sudden flash ran through the scant, yellow beard upon Hill's lank face, like fire through stubble, and his little serpent eyes winked in his narrow head, but he had a point to gain, and determined to gain it, one way or another. "See here," he said, lowering his tone, and seeming to speak against his will—"I'm a-goin for to tell you what 'll open your eyes. Ole Sime is a-tryin' his best for to cut you out! Miss Vilet tole me so herself, and she asked me if what he'd said about you was true. Of course, I put the lie onto him, but I could see plain enough that she perferred to believe in Sime I didn't mean to tell this, Joe, but I did feel that you ort to know it."

The round, ruddy cheek of Joseph Barber gave up some of its color, as he asked—"What did Mr. Killigrew say of me?"

"I can't tell, Joe; I promised Vilet not to, and if I hadn't, its too awful bad to tell."

"And Violet told you this, herself?"

"Yes, and she tole me not to tell, because she said she wouldn't and she couldn't believe it; but I seen plain 'nough that she could and would believe it. O Joe, I tell you, you don't begin for to know old Sime!"

"I'll make him know me, anyhow—I'll thrash him before the whole yard—I'll have satisfaction, that I will!"

"Hold on, that ain't the way for to proceed: don't you see you can't meet him onto his own ground. You must bring in a higher order of abilities—catch him in a trap—strike him in the dark—don't you see? It takes brain, sir, brain—but there's them that's got it?" And Mr. Hill complacently tapped himself on the forehead.

"I never struck a fellow in the dark, yet," answered Barber, and he folded his arms and seemed to think to himself.

"Of course, not; you never had no occasion, and if Sime was your equal, I wouldn't recommend it now, but he hain't, he's got a dernation sort of honesty into him from which he won't budge an inch, and what's got to be sot to match that, sir, is brain—pure brain; and so I say agin, watch your chance and strike him in the dark."

"I'd rather meet him square in the open yard," says Barber, but a little more, for all.

"No, sir; such a contest would be onequal. All the hands would be agin you from the first; and then he's strong in the jints, and would lay you flat as a flounder at the first blow; you just take my advice, and see if we don't get ahead of him. I'll have the hands aginst him, with your help, afore two days—for next to him, they believe in you. Come, give us your hand."

Barber gave his hand, for though he was the better man, he did not know it, and was led by the bully, as many another has been and will be again.

"What do you mean to do in the first place?" he said.

"Pull him down, some how, I don't care much how—he shan't be at the head of this brick-yard no longer!"

"And who shall take his place—Smith!"

"No, sir; he hain't got the calibore. I'll present his name for a blind, and then you present another name." He shut one eye and tapped his forehead again. "You understand," he said, "a feller can't put himself for'ard—besides he must seem to have friends. To think o' Sime back-bitin' you! it sets my blood a-bilin'. Don't go for to back down now, don't."

"I don't feel quite right with myself," Barber answered.

"Feel!—don't go for to feel at all—it's a nasty, low sort o' thing. Well enough for women and children—but for a full grown man!"

"But suppose they take up with Smith, when you propose his name?"

"There's where you must show your genius! Come in quick and don't give 'em time; Smith will have been complimented, you see, and so be ready to jine us, that'll be a great pint—he's rich, and we must keep onto the right side of him, somehow."

"Yonder they come, now!" Barber said in an eager, excited way—"Smith and Killigrew together," and he pointed towards the adjoining meadow, as he spoke.

"Turn out your oxen, quick, quick!" cried Hill. "Let ole Sime see that we've took things into our own hands in this yard; turn 'em out and lend me a hand at the brick-settin' this afternoon. Come now!"

Barber was flattered. "Come here, Buck!—come here, Bright!" he called, and pushing their necks far through the bows of their yoke, the mismated oxen strained slowly up out of the pit in which they had been treading since day-break.

"Take that" cried Hill, as they gained an easier footing, and he gave to each a smart cut across the rump, that sent them trotting; he of the short legs almost dragged by the neck. "Truth is, I ort to have been a nigger-driver," he said—putting his arm through Barber's and drawing him towards the brick-kiln.

The youngest hand, who was moulding mud images for his diversion, had gathered a group about him, and Hill said, as he approached, drawing forth a silver watch suspended from his neck by a small rope of hair: "A purty way, this, for the master-hand to be fooling off his time! Is such a feller fit for to be at the head of this yard, and lording it over the rest of us?—what do you say gentlemen? I say he hain't!"

No answer was elicited, for Barber, meanwhile, had drawn the attention of all hands upon himself. What could he be looking at, sheltering his eyes with one hand, and fixed in so earnest an attitude? Was it at Caroline Gresham who stood watching the fluttering of the towel she had just fastened to the upper end of the well-sweep, apparently as a signal to her father making hay in the distant meadow!—or was it at Simon Killigrew, returning in hot haste, from the same meadow, where, during the "noon spell," he had been giving the harvesters a lift.

"Hey, there!" cried Hill, "anything of particular interest goin' on at ole Gresham's?"

Barber made no reply, and he added, speaking with insinuating emphasis, "See that white thing top o' the well-sweep? That, I take it, is a signal of distress—any how, there's old Gresham a-startin for home—lickity split. Hooraugh for our folks!" He then sat down beside his work, and hugged himself, and chuckled to himself for a minute of more.

"Don't, Hill, for mercy's sake!" says Barber, coming up to him and pointing across the fields, "don't let the women folks see us looking at 'em."

"Old Mother Varney and Vilet, as sure as rolling off a log!" exclaimed Hill. "Well, I say, hooraugh! agin."

"Mrs. Varney and Rebecca Gresham," says Barber quietly. "Come, let's go to work; all the hands will be talking next."

"Well, let 'em talk; who cares?"

"I do, said Barber, and you ought to."

"What do you charge for your lessons in manners? they ort to be sot high, I should think."

Meantime Rebecca Gresham, followed by a short, thick set woman, who wore a colored silk handkerchief over her white cap, had entered the garden, and were crossing it with eager haste. On the opposite hill, Mr. Kelligrew a little in advance of his companion, was seen hurrying forward, one hand stretched out before him, as if to feel for the rain. The wind soughed among the leaves, the air grew darker minute

by minute, and the sunshine was all behind the clouds.

"I feel like sitting down and keeping still," says Barber, looking at the sky.

"You ain't afeard o' thunder, I reckon?" answered Hill.

Mr. Killigrew had nearly reached the yard by this time, and Barber, without heeding the exclamation of his companion, said: "I don't see, after all, why you should hate that man as you do?"

"I just wish he had to marry a nigger!" says Hill, grinning, and then he said he hated him because he stood so strong on his legs, because he had such a powerful sight o' beard, and for things in general! He then called out, addressing Simon Killigrew, "A nice chap you are, for to tend to business! You've lost two thousan' o' brick to ole Gresham, by your idleness to-day—that's all!"

Simon made no reply, and it is probable that he was too much engrossed by his own emotions to hear the taunt, for a much smaller matter than the gathering of a thunder-storm was sufficient to carry him quite outside of himself, so that he was a good deal of the time a-tremble with one sort of excitement or another.

Upon this occasion, his rough, weather-beaten face was all aglow, his hair (for his head was uncovered) tossed about like the mane of a wild colt, his broad chest heaved, and his lips moved with fragmentary memories of battles and poems. There was a tremor in his voice, and an eloquent expressiveness of gesture, as turning to Gilbert Smith, whom he seemed to draw after him, he said: "Don't you feel immortal like? don't you feel as if the angel of the Lord was about to catch you up?"

"Which?" answered Smith, staring stupidly.

"Which!" thundered Killigrew, indignantly. "What are you made of, young man, that you don't see things, and feel things? Why, Lord bless you, sir, the bull in the meadow holds up his face when the thunder storm is a-coming."

"What for?" asked Smith.

"What for? Good heavens! don't you see the clouds marshaling up the sky like an army, terrible with banners?" and speaking as it were to himself, he went on—

> He plants his footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.

"I see no banners," says Smith.

The master brickmaker forebore reply, and was presently lost again in a grand chaos of inspiration. He saw the sun staggering down the sky, and the moon turning to blood—angels glorified, and angels ruined. Men going down to the sea in ships—cities with shining towers—poets singing on the mountain tops—martyrs in their fiery garments, caught up into heaven—the American flag fluttering over the whole world, blazoned with a thousand stars and ten thousand eagles; and last, not least, all the pretty girls he had ever seen in all his life, beckoning him from every side to come and kiss them. He took off his coat and flung it to the ground, opened his shirt-collar, pushed back his sleeves, and swinging his brawny arms, projected his enthusiasm into such scrapes of stirring prose and poetry as he could remember. Now it was—

> Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
> And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

And now—

> Give me Liberty, or give me Death!

And again—

> There is a path which no fool knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.

Then came—

> Light rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
> Who, broke her heart, and died to hide her blushing cheek from scorn;

followed by Highland Mary, or the Dissolution of the Union, just as it happened. The hands one and all turned to look at him as he entered the brick-yard, and took his place at the moulding-table—all of a tremble, and his soul looking out of his eyes.

Hill went about the yard, inciting prejudice against him. "Blast his skin," he said, "he didn't condescend for to notice me, when I asked him what he'd been about. He holds himself above us all—he does. See at him! he don't notice us more'n if we were so many daugs or niggers!" He then said he believed in equality, and he would like to see the aristocratic pertender put down. "What right to be stuck up has he? poor as pot!" It came mighty nigh rainin' and spilin' a thousan' or two of bricks for him, he went on, "an' if it had, I'd have pitched into him, and thrashed him within an inch of his life—I would, by gad, I would!"

He was careful to make this boast in a low tone, for he would have shrunk from a single glance of honest Simon Killigrew; he felt that all the time, and therefore spoke low. He was not wise enough to know that in the long run, a man stands for what he is—that he cannot impose upon others any more than he can impose upon himself—not wise enough to make no pretence. It will all do very well for a while, Mr. Hill, but the monkey will play a monkey's tricks, in spite of his scarlet finery, getting his tail outside of it, now and then, so that even the most credulous can see he is not the little man he at first seemed, but only a monkey in a red coat.

Struggling through the dull air, all at once came the sunshine, and the clouds broke and scattered as rapidly as they had collected.

"Where's your rain now, Mr. Hill?" asked the youngest hand triumphantly.

"It looked devilishly like fur rain, any how, an hour ago," said Hill, sidling up to Smith, and addressing him instead of the boy.

"Yes, sir, an hour ago there was great significance with respect to falling weather," and Mr. Smith drew from the pocket of his satin waistcoat a finely enameled watch, and consulted it.

"What time are you, sir?" asked Hill.

Mr. Smith said "he was in advance of one o'clock some twenty minutes, that his time-piece had been his father's before him, and in special accuracy of movement was as true as the Gosbil."

"Certainly, sir, certainly!" says Hill. And then he said, "That old father o' yourn was a mighty smart man in his day—mighty smart yet, for his years—nigh onto sixty, I reckon. I heard him preach once when I was a youngster, and I tell *you* that sermon was a stunner! it was pinted agin women speakin' in the churches; I wisht I had forty pamphlet copies o' that docament and I'd sow 'em broadcast the length and breadth of the land!"

Smith, senior, it must be known, was one of those itinerant religious exhorters who are reputed to have a gift, and who use it with a vengeance, and Hill felt that he had been very adroit in complimenting the young man indirectly through his father, rather than directly through what he himself felt to be his real greatness—his money. It had been his *bad* fortune to inherit from his maternal grandmother some five or six thousand dollars, and this sum had completed in him the work for which nature had already well prepared him. But if it turned his little wits it stood him at the same time in grand stead—he was regarded by most of the hands as the grand gentleman o the brick-yard, rich as a nabob, and simply condescending to come among them for his diversion. In fact, he was by some of them esteemed a great man, for it is astonishing upon what slender possibilities the reputation of greatness may sometimes be achieved. In one or two respects he was certainly great—in this most of all—he was a great failure.

In addition to his wealth, he had distinguishing characteristics of conversation and pronunciation. The youngest hand supposed he had always a cold, and as for the rest, he stood before him in a perpetual maze of bewilderment and wonder.

I have taken the privilege of saying thus much for him, because the conduct of the story will probably relieve him from speaking much for himself. But here occurs one of his coruscations.

When Hill had concluded his address, he braced himself up on his feeble legs by setting them well apart, thrust his two thumbs in the armholes of his satin waistcoat and replied: "It is usual with my father in a general way to head his discourses with one text: 'Woe is me, if I breach not the Gosbil, but it appears with reference to the occasion of your remark that his subject appertained to other questions inclusive of the weaker sex."

"Yes, sir, it did that! And look at here, Smith, what's your opinion any how with regard to the female critter? D' ou ever spend your time thinkin' of 'em at all?"

"Well, yes," said Smith in a hesitant way, "I have thought of 'em, but mostly, I think, infrequently, as a rule; my father is a Gosbil breacher, and invariably regards the weaker sex according to the dogtrines of the Abostle Baul, and my dogtrine is altogether and mostly drew from the same source, and I haven't saw anything in this yard to influence conclusions contrarywise. And there, sir, you have my standpints partly in full."

"Well, sir, them's strong pints, an' I'm proud for to say, I'm onto 'em with you, but there is them, sir, not a hundred yard away, that believe in puttin' women folks onto a level with us!" And he made a dash of the hand toward Simon.

"I have only to say that my views is drew from Baul the great Abostle," replied Smith, "and that they are absolutely and mainly altogether directly contrary, and in some measure opposed to the gentleman in whose behalf you speak with regard to, and them, sir, are my views wholly in part."

The little brick hand, drawing near Simon, but looking at Smith, made a mutely eloquent appeal for explanation,

"I'll do anything for you that's possible, my little man," Simon answered, placing his hand on the boy's head, and his face radiating into a great, tender smile, "but that is beyond me."

The hand nearest Simon saw that little by-play, and laughed; the hand next to him caught the infection, and laughed too, and so the laughter ran round the yard.

Hill, stung, but not disconcerted, immediately turned this incident to his own account. "If ole Simon would laugh at one gentleman, he'd laugh at another," he said, and then he

said, "Simon was a backbiter, and a pertender, and an arrogant serpent in disguise—he wasn't wuth a dollar, nor his father afore him"—he also told the hands, whom he called his fellow-workers, that Mr. Smith could buy and sell ole Killigrew any day, that Smith's grandmother had been as rich as Greosus, and that his father was a Gosbil preacher, and what was more, a practical believer in the good old doctrines of St. Paul, as they set forth the true and righteous position of all females. And this last declaration evidently carried with it great weight.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM MRS. GAGE.

FAYETTEVILLE, Dec. 24, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Left home the 9th, for the purpose of assisting organizations in some of the western and southern counties. Returned last night, jaded in body, but refreshed in spirit, as I found many noble workers, and started organizations in several counties. These officers mean work, and we shall soon have a good report from them. But I wish especially to call attention to the Erie County Association.

Miss O. C. Beman, our Advisory Counsel for the Eighth District, Mrs. E. E. Clark, the Vice-President of Erie County (these two, officers of our State organization) and Miss Ellen K. Baker, the Chairman of the Erie County Woman Suffrage Association, have successfully inaugurated and carried on a course of lectures in the interests of their County Association.

This course, so far, has offered greater attractions and been more successful than that of the Y. M. C. Association. Both courses are held in Buffalo, but the woman's course seems to be more attractive to the people, and I know has been a great pecuniary success. Anna Dickinson has spoken in it, also Olive Logan, and others are yet to come.

I hope their example will be largely followed another winter by county associations over the State. The majority of successful, drawing lecturers are with our reform in sentiment, and their services should be secured by our Woman Suffrage Associations. The advantage of such a course, not only in changing public sentiment, but also pecuniarily, will be incalculable.

The cause of woman has advanced by rapid strides in Buffalo since the first lecture in the W. S. A. course. People who had passed the Association sneeringly by, changed in manner as soon as the first flush of success dawned upon the course, and a blow for woman has been struck in that city which must bear lasting results.

Nothing so softens people's objections towards any reform as the success, in any way, of that reform.

I hope our county organizations will take this matter in hand early next season, and secure for themselves all the best lecturers in advance of other associations.

Our State Association has also a course inaugurated, and will have several lectures in its interests during the present winter.

My route led me through Wayne, Orleans, Niagara, Erie, Genesee, Chemung, Tioga, Tompkins and Broome counties.

At Binghampton, in the latter county, I came upon one of our old workers, Dr. Lydia M. Jenkins. I remember her at the Syracuse Convention in 1852. This convention brought to the surface, our noble Susan, and other women, who have since so persistently and so successfully battled for woman's rights, and through them, for the elevation of all humanity. The longer I work the more I see that woman's cause is the world's cause. No other reform ever equalled this in its magnitude and its prospective results. Not one class, nor one race, but the half of all humanity is, through it, to be raised from the despotism of the past into the full liberty of christian responsibility and opportunity.

Mrs. Jenkins enters into our work with hearty vigor as Vice-President of Broome County. When I knew her first, she was in pastorate over a church, and although ill health has of late taken her from that field of labor as a settled minister, she still preaches occasionally. She was one of our earliest clergywomen.

My space fills, yet I must say I everywhere heard the praises of our Susan. Her vigor, her persistency, her untiring devotion were everywhere spoken of. The progress of the woman's rights movement was ascribed to her efforts more than to those of any other person, and prayers and good wishes were showered upon her. One woman says, "God bless Miss Anthony, she is more to be revered than General Washington."

M. E. JOSLYN GAGE,
Secretary N. Y. S. W. S. A.

WHAT THE PEOPLE TELL US.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: I cannot forbear adding a few lines to tell you that we are having a lively time *over* Woman's Rights this winter. A few of us organized an Association here a few weeks ago. At our first meeting we obtained forty names to our platform, and have now quite a respectable number of members. Our opponents frequently come in and debate with us, and we, of course, defend ourselves, and have no trouble in doing it, but we have much *bitter* opposition.

I have taken THE REVOLUTION from the time it started and like it better every week. With many good wishes for your success in the grand cause of reform, I am very truly yours, J. R. M. E.

WINNEBAGO, Ill., Dec. 11, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: It is with pleasure I respond to the call to renew my subscription to your paper. I only wish it was in my power to do more to advance the cause of Woman's Rights, as I have had a deep experience in their wrongs, and shall bear the scars upon my soul until I arrive at the last great Tribunal. I had thought much upon this subject before I ever heard of a Woman's Rights Convention, and I came to the conclusion, my sisters, that we had been robbed of our birth-right; but I could see no remedy until you proclaimed the glad tidings of suffrage for women. Oh, how it gladdens the desolation of widowhood and old age! for I am now *sixty-nine years old.*

I cannot write much, but may God speed the cause and give you strength and wisdom to persevere till you gain the victory.

And this from a noble Massachusetts veteran, who has looked more than eighty of her rugged winters out of countenance and is good for many a battle yet:

WEST GLOUCESTER, Mass., Dec. 16, 1869.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND, PARKER PILLSBURY: As you and I have been so long laboring for equal rights and universal emancipation, you in a public and I in a private capacity, I thought I would say a few words to encourage you still to persevere. Your mission and mine are entirely different; yours is to look into the dark abodes of iniquity and bring their works to light, mine to proclaim all the bright glimmerings that I can see of that glorious day that is just at hand. Woman's Suffrage is one of the great questions of the day. I am surprised that any old Abolitionists who fought through the struggle for Women's Rights should be willing now to compromise to save the Republican party. I can have no other opinion of this new organization. But let them go on. They will help the cause along as the Anti-Slavery political party helped to put down slavery. When the disciples saw some casting out devils in Jesus' name they forbade them, "because they followed not with us." But Jesus said, forbid them not.

I hailed THE REVOLUTION with joy at its first appearance, and shall continue to patronise it as long as it goes for Universal Emancipation. It must necessarily go for universal Peace, for war is the foundation of all oppression. I anticipate the good time coming as soon as women get the ballot that all national wars will be done away, and all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. When I look back and see what progress has been made within the past thirty years, I almost feel as though I had got into the new dispensation. I can almost see the destruction of the Anti-Christian Church, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth. I think the Protestant Church is responsible for all the wars and oppressions that take place where it bears rule. The Church and the State are both progessing, however, and I do not know but there is virtue enough in them to preserve them.

The time has come when there can be but two parties. Compromises must be done away, and all iniquities exposed. I have never seen so clearly as of late the importance of every one's acting upon his own responsibility. Each one is now making his own Heaven or Hell. Jesus taught that all who believed his Gospel are saved in the present time, and that we need not seek what we shall eat or drink, or wherewithal be clothed; but seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us.

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You will find enclosed three dollars to pay for THE REVOLUTION another year. You must excuse my blunders and try and read me as well as you can, and ever remember me as your sincere friend,

THOMAS HASKELL.

INTELLIGENT SUFFRAGE.

WEST EAU CLARE, Wis., Dec. 20, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The doleful condition of the enfranchised negroes suggests the question, whether when we call the ballot "the one thing needful," we can mean any more than this. "It is that right without which there is no security for any other." At least three other things are needful to make it effective.

1st. Education. We must teach them to vote right. The school is the only hope of the South, and the only hope for the Southern schools is in our pockets.

2d. Independence. "Electors meet in vain, when want makes them the slaves of the landlord." Now, the negroes in America, as well as Hayti, the British West Indies, etc., show a general disposition to get and use land for themselves, in a very slovenly and lazy way indeed; still the tendency is wholesome, and we must inspire them with our own ambitious spirit, and make them not only desire land, but wealth.

3d. Force, and the spirit to use it. This the negroes possess. It is sometimes said that *women* do not, and therefore should not vote. But it is daily becoming more universally true that power consists less in animal strength than in wealth, which can buy animal strength, and knowledge which can govern it. Let women have education—not the trifling, superficial education which they now receive, but education of a practical and thorough character; let them be encouraged to get and use wealth, and they will not only be able to obtain the ballot—they will get it before that—but the ballot in their hands will be a power, and so it will in the negroes' hands when he is armed with wealth and knowledge.

C. L. JAMES.

As a colored man, and a victim to the terrible tyranny inflicted by the injustice and prejudice of the Nation, I ask no right that I will not give to every other human being, without regard to sex or color. I cannot ask white women to give their efforts and influence in behalf of my race, and then meanly and selfishly withhold countenance of a movement tending to their enfranchisement. —Robert Purvis, Philadelphia.

WOMAN'S MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

A NEW movement, under the name of the Woman's Mutual Aid Association, was originated in this city last week at a meeting held for that purpose in Plympton Building. MRS. NORTON gave her views upon the need of such an Association, and what it might accomplish, but declared she would hold no office, but would do gladly any work it might put upon her. She said, as reported in the *World:*

With infinite labor and a good deal of risk—only the risk of my good name, however—I have taken upon myself recently the task of going to houses of prostitution wherever I could gain admittance, for the purpose of learning from the lips of unfortunates themselves the causes of *why* they were there. Trusting to my knowledge of human nature, as seen in the face, and that subtle something by which we detect a link wanting to make a story good, and at the same time the probable motive for its omission, I was sure of arriving at something like a definite conclusion as to whether my theory on this subject had any foundation in fact, or enough upon which to base a broad principle; and I assure you that nine-tenths of all the women whom I have reached thus far were impelled to their mode of life by the very causes that could be largely obviated through an association for mutual aid among women. Men secure themselves in this way; women never; and I contend that what is good for men is good for women also. Witness their Christian associations, their clubs, their societies, and last, but not least, the Free Masons, who never permit any one of their "brothers" to suffer or beg, or commit crime for want of the dollar; or, still better, the grasp of friendship at the right time. And that reminds me that an association of this kind would contain within itself the possibility, and the probability, of something more than mere material aid. Being bound together by mutual interests, financially, women would be less likely to add the fatal word of reproach or condemnation which so often constitutes the "last feather that broke the camel's back." This wail comes to my ears from every pair of lips that tells their story, "All the women talked about me so." All the women talked about me so—that sentence paints the picture, neither exaggerated nor overdrawn, of a woman hunted to death by the hissing tongues of her own sex. Mrs. Norton said she had been down to the working women's home, and that the working girls had been disposed to listen to her plan, and Mrs. Field of that institution, had consented to allow her to use her name as President of the new association. In brief, it was to be simply a woman's organization, on the same plan as the Young Men's Christian Association, to help those of her sex whenever and wherever they needed help; to create a fund by the working-women themselves, out of which they should be supported when sick or out of a situation. The Board of Health, too, promised to aid the enterprise. Remarks were made by others present, approving of the plan, and after adopting a preamble and Constitution which Mrs. Norton had drawn up, the association adjourned for two weeks, when it will again meet to elect officers.

TWO FACTS.

MR. OLIVER DYER, in his article on "The Bucket Shops of New York," in *Packard's Monthly* for January, furnishes, perhaps unconsciously, two facts which completely answer a class of objections often urged against Woman Suffrage. After describing a scene in a Bucket Shop, Mr. Dyer's narrative continues thus:

This promising altercation was suddenly brought to an end by cries of a woman in the street, who was pursuing a fleeing man, and screaming "He's my husband! he's my husband! he's my husband!"

The fugacious husband took refuge in the Bucket Shop, and the woman came rushing in after him, without abating her cry.

"What's the meaning of this row?" asked a policeman, who had hastened to the spot.

"He's my husband! *he's my husband!* HE'S MY HUSBAND!" still cried the woman.

"See here! we've had enough of this nonsense. Now what's the matter?" demanded the policeman, at the same time taking the woman by the arm.

"He's my husband, an' *he's got the money!*" sobbed the woman.

"*What* money?" asked the policeman.

"*My* money, as I've worked hard for all the week?" sobbed the poor creature.

"How much is there of it?" the policeman inquired in a kindly tone.

"Three dollars," the wife replied, adding, "An' he's took it all to spend along with his vagabone chums, as never earns a cent no more'n *he* does, but robs their poor wives jes' as *he* does; and the children home without a mouthful to eat all this blessed day!"

"How many children have you?" I asked.

"Three, sir; an' the youngest only a bit eight months old, sir," was the reply.

This case, strange as it may seem to those who are ignorant of life among the Bucket Shops, was not an uncommon one in its essential features. The industrious wife had brought home her wages on Saturday night to buy food for her family. The vagabond husband, lying in wait for the purpose, had grabbed the money from her hand and fled. She had pursued him with her cries, and now there they were, the central figures of a promiscuous crowd.

The policeman could do nothing. *The man, as the head of the family, had a right to the custody of the money.* He claimed that he was going to market with it; that his wife wanted to spend it for liquor, and that he had fled with it to prevent her from thus wasting it.

The neighbors knew the woman to be industrious and sober, and the husband to be a drunkard and a thief; still he had the law on his side, and nothing could be done for the poor wife. At last the keeper of the Bucket Shop threatened to make a complaint against him for stealing, unless he would give up the money. This led to a compromise. The miscreant gave his wife half the money, with which she departed to buy food for her children; and he with the other half, started for some low haunt of dissipation, followed by the jeers of the crowd.

The second fact to which we referred is contained in the following narrative. Mr. Dyer says:

The father of one of my Mission Bible-class scholars was a German, who spent all his own earnings, and as much of his wife's as he could rob her of, for lager bier. He had become a perfect lager bier sot, and a monster of cruelty, and one day beat his eldest daughter, then a bright girl of twelve, into a state of semi-idiocy, from which she has not recovered, and never will recover. His wife, an industrious Christian woman, earned the necessaries of life for herself and children by washing. One day, as she was about finishing up a large washing of clothes, her husband came home soaked in lager bier, *attacked her furiously, knocked her down and stamped upon her, broke her arm, upset the wash-tubs, strewed the clothes about the floor, beat and kicked his children out of the house, and then lay down refreshed and took a nap, leaving his wife to go out and hunt up a surgeon, and get her broken arm set as she best could, and his children to roam the street.*

My poor little scholar, a bright and lovely child, in telling me about that hour of terror, a few days afterwards, hid her face under my arm when she got through, and sobbing convulsively, exclaimed, "It's enough to make a child wish she was dead to have such a home as I've got!"

Poor child! Thanks to the benignant generosity of a prosperous Wall street banker, she is now rescued from lager bier, and is enjoying the privileges of one of the best seminaries in the land. I wish that banker would let me tell his name, but he won't, and so I must tell it without his permission; it is A. S. Hatch.

Does any one suppose that if those two wives could vote, they would cast their ballots on the side of rumselling? Would they, or would any of the thousands of honest, industrious women like them, who slave their lives out to support not only the children of vagabond fathers, but also the vagabond fathers themselves, help sustain a system which reduces them and their children to hopeless poverty and loathsome degradation? No; they would to a woman cast their ballots on the side of temperance and virtue; and that is just what their husbands are afraid of.

YOUR Committee believe that the prayer of the petitioners ought to be granted. Our opinion is founded both on principle and expediency. The constitutional prohibition of female suffrage is not only a violation of natural right, but equally at war with the fundamental principles of the government.—Ohio Senate Report.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

CONSTITUTION.

Article 1.—This organization shall be called the National Woman's Suffrage Association.

Article 2.—Its object shall be to secure the Ballot to the Women of the nation on equal terms with men.

Article 3.—Any citizen of the United States favoring this object, shall, by the payment of the sum of one dollar annually into the treasury, be considered a member of the Association; and no other shall be entitled to vote in its deliberations.

Article 4.—The officers of the Association shall be a President, a Vice-President from each of the states and territories, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, Treasurer, an Executive Committee of not less than five nor more than nine members, located in New York City, and an Advisory Counsel of one person from each state and territory, who shall be members of the National Executive Committee. The officers shall be chosen at each Annual Meeting of the National Association.

Article 5.—Any Woman's Suffrage Association may become auxiliary to the National Association, by its officers becoming members of the Parent Association and sending an Annual Contribution of not less than twenty-five dollars.

President—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Vice-Presidents.—Elizabeth B. Phelps, New York; Anna E. Dickinson, Penn.; Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, Illinois; Madame Anneke, Wisconsin; Mrs. Lucy R. Elmes, Conn; Mrs. Israel Hall, Ohio; Mrs. Senator Henderson, Mo.; Mrs. Wm. V. Tunstall, Texas; Mattie Griffith Brown, Mass.; Hellen Ekin Starrett, Kansas; Lucy A. Snow, Maine; Elizabeth S. Schenck, Cal.; Grace Greenwood, D. C.; Mrs. Maria R. Matlock, La.; Mrs. P. Holmes Drake, Alabama.

Corresponding Secretaries.—Mrs. L. C. Bullard; A. Adelaide Hallock.

Recording Secretaries.—Abby Burton Crosby, Sarah E. Fuller.

Treasurer.—Elizabeth Smith Miller.

Wilbour, Mathilde F. Wendt, Mary F. Gilbert, Mrs. D. Grant Meredith, Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake, Susan B. Anthony.

Advisory Counsel.—Mrs. E. Joslyn Gage, N. Y.; Mrs Francis Minor, Missouri; M. Adeline Thompson, Penn.; Josephine S. Griffin D. C.; Mrs. M. V. Longley, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Humphrey, Kansas; Lilie Peckham, Wisconsin; Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, R. I.; Mrs. Faunie E. Russell, Minn.; Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Conn.,, John Neal, Maine.

WE hope before our annual meeting in May to have auxiliaries in every state in the Union. Already we number thousands of members, and before the close of the year every woman in this nation should register her name with some association demanding the right of Suffrage for her sex, sign the petition to Congress, send in a generous contribution to carry on the work, subscribe for THE REVOLUTION, and, as a means of education, circulate it among your neighbors and friends.

LAND GIVEN AWAY.—An eloquent writer in the *Tribune* from Sioux City, Iowa, asks and informs thus:

Will you say to the thousands of industrious, homeless laborers at the east, that if they want free homes they may come to this state, which is out of debt, and has $1,000,000 in her treasury, has a school fund of $7,000,000 in cash, with property enough to run it up to $20,000,000 more, and now she has almost 2,000 miles of railroads. Will you tell them to come to this state, with a climate not surpassed for healthfulness, and a soil not surpassed, if equalled, in the world? and that within the past year, in the Sioux City Land District alone, free homes have been given to 5,000 sturdy sons of toil (and daughters, too, for many unmarried women have taken homsteads and pre-emptions) from each of which they have disposed of products sufficient to give them a good living, so that they are independent? Will you tell them that along the railroad lines of North-Western Iowa, land, to the amount of nearly 1,000,000 acres, is reserved by this generous government for them alone, and that the rapacious speculator cannot buy it?

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XLII.

MANCHESTER, December, 1869.

THE CHIVALRY OF PHILADELPHIA.

I MUST borrow a weapon from the anti-slavery arsenal to stigmatize the unbrotherly conduct of the Philadelphia students to their sister students. The chivalry of the south trampled on men and women; the chivalry of Philadelphia wages war on women only. The irony is not less appropriate in one case than in the other, and considering the antecedents and ancestry of their city and its founders, no form of speech is too strong in condemnation of the disgraceful behavior of the students of the Pennsylvania Hospital. The *Scotsman* of last Saturday had an excellent article upon it, which shows how it is regarded by many in this country. After detailing the conduct of the students in the lecture-room, and upon the dismissal of the class, and characterizing it as of the "coarsest description," the editor makes the following remarks, which are very much to the point, coming, as they do, with the authority of example, as well as precept, from Edinburgh:

It is sufficiently strange that it should not have occurred to the rioters that such conduct as theirs was hardly calculated to prove their fitness for the exclusive medical charge of that sex to whom they did not know how to show common courtesy. If the thing were the passing freak of a handfull of ill-taught boys, it would scarcely be worth mention; but their conduct was by no means utterly condemned and repudiated by all members of the medical profession of the place, although the hospital managers passed a vote strongly censuring the conduct of the students, and resolving that any repetition of it would lead to the future exclusion of the offenders. Their riotous procedure is just a manifestation of the same trades-union spirit that will stoop to any meanness, join in any tyranny, be guilty of any cruelty, rather than allow interference with what it considers as its "vested rights." In last week's *Lancet*, we find a letter from a medical man, who asks with naive surprise whether the advocates of female physicians can possibly be aware that there are hundreds of medical *men* not able to make a comfortable living! We know not which most to admire, the cool assumption that the medical profession exists only or mainly to fill the pockets of its members, or the serene assurance that takes for granted that no woman has a right to expect to be allowed the chance of earning a living, till all male competitors are safely and sufficiently provided for! It is rather amusing to contrast the evidently keen dread of successful competition which degrades a man thus to plead *in forma pauperis* with the voluble assurances in this and other medical papers that nature has clearly interdicted to women the practice of medicine, and that here at least they cannot but utterly fail.

It will probably surprise many people to find that in America there is still so little liberality in this matter, and that women have there also still to entreat for "leave to toil." It will be news to some that not only is the University of Edinburgh the first in Great Britain to admit ladies to its advantages (though it only tardily follows continental examples in this matter), but that it is at present the only Anglo-Saxon University that does so admit them, having outstripped the liberality even of its American cousins, Harvard and Yale. The fact is, that matters were somewhat mismanaged on the other side of the Atlantic by the well-meant but ill-directed zeal of those who desired to forward the movement set on foot by Miss Blackwell, an English lady, who was the first woman admitted to an American degree. She studied at Geneva Medical College, New York, and graduated there in 1849. A few other women speedily followed her example, and two or three colleges quietly admitted them to take their places with other students, and allowed them to graduate in the regular way. But over-zealous partisans thought to forward matters by opening separate medical schools for women, without sufficiently considering the large resources and manifold appliances needful for the successful prosecution of medical study. These hastily formed schools have been doubly injurious; for, while furnishing an excuse for the closing of the regular colleges against women, they have almost necessarily themselves failed to supply really adequate medical education, and have allowed a number of ill-qualified women to enter on practice, while only a few of their most able and earnest students have, by greatly increased voluntary study, really fitted themselves to do honor to their profession. These latter are, of course, greatly injured in public estimation by being identified with others who have ostensibly the same qualification; and the enemies of the movement take advantage of this state of things to say that the experiment has failed, when in truth it has never been fairly tried. Only when women have exactly the same advantages as men, and are judged by exactly the same standard, can it be decided whether their capacities and acquirements compare favorably or unfavorably with those of the other sex.

I may add that Trinity College, Dublin, a school of medicine not less famous than that of Edinburgh, is likely to follow this "first Anglo-Saxon" example of liberality, as a lady is attending the lectures, etc., at St. Stephen's Hospital, Dublin, and intends to apply for admission to the preliminary examination in the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

WOMEN M.D.'S IN SWEDEN.

In a former letter I mentioned the concession of some of the rights of suffrage and education to the countrywomen of Frederica Bremer. The latest announcement from Sweden states that ladies are about to be admitted to medical lectures at the Carolinska Institute, in Stockholm, provided they have acquired the same amount of preparatory knowledge as is required of male students in order to obtain a University certificate of having passed a successful examination in medico-philosophy.

PROGRESS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

You will remember that Sir J. D. Coleridge's bill for the abolition of University Tests (of adhesion to the Established Church) was rejected by a small majority in the last session of Parliament. We have this week had evidence of the progress of opinion within the Universities upon this question. Meetings have been held of the masters, fellows, and other graduates at Oxford and Cambridge, thanking Sir J. Coleridge for his efforts, but expressing the belief that any future bill should provide for a more complete abolition of Tests. At Cambridge it was suggested that "No declaration of religious belief or profession should be required of any person on obtaining a fellowship, or as a condition of its tenure." Professor Sedgwick, the celebrated Geologist, who is upward of eighty years of age, seconded this resolution, and he exhibited an enthusiasm for liberty not less ardent than that with which he still delights his class in the lecture-room.

The Rev. Professor Sedgwick seconded the resolution. After giving a most interesting account of the share he had himself taken in the previous agitation, dating back more than thirty years, and illustrating the extreme bitterness with which the question was once discussed by quoting from a Tory journal of the period the epithets of "sceptic" and "coxcomb," applied to him in consequence of his exertions in this cause, he went on to say that the restrictions on fellowships existed as but the wreck of a former age, were out of harmony with our political constitution, and opposed to the fundamental view of the universities. Fears were expressed as to the possible predominance of Dissenters. (Hear, hear.) His only feeling was, that when Dissenters formed so large a portion of the nation, and included, he would add, so large a portion of the intellect of the nation, if they could predominate there, they had a right to predominate. For his part, he had no fears; he had lived so long that he had outlived all the friends of his youth, but he had not outlived his youthful love of liberty nor his hopes for the future of the university, if liberty might only prevail. (Cheers.)

At Oxford, Professor Jewett (the author of the article "On the Interpretation of Scripture" in the celebrated *Essays and Reviews* and of other liberal theological works) seconded the resolution in favor of a complete abolition of tests and concluded his speech thus:

What was appropriate two or three years ago was no longer appropriate. The meeting at Cambridge had settled that. When not only fervid and generous youths, but grave and reverend persons holding high positions, who had all their lives been long attached to the Church of England, asked for a removal of tests (and there were such in Oxford as well as at Cambridge), then statesmen knew not only that the measure must pass but that the time for passing it could no longer be deferred. Besides, the university was moving on, and persons everywhere were becoming more and more convinced of the falsehood and injustice of religious tests. Of the falsehood he would not speak now, partly because the test which they proposed was the least and most inoffensive of all tests, hardly the weight of a feather compared with some others—"I, A. B., declare that I conform to the Church of England." Is it not a little one? and yet this little test, originally imposed when the Church of England was nominally coextensive with the nation, and continued when the nation was nearly equally divided, had excluded half the English people from the universities. It was true that they had admitted Nonconformists in name sixteen years ago, and a few had straggled in, and in some colleges had been allowed to absent themselves from chapel and from divinity lectures. They had come into an alien atmosphere; they could not have their own teachers and had no share worth speaking of in the emoluments of the place. But now we hope to receive them in a different spirit, to welcome them as friends and equals, to give them freely of such good things as we have, whether in the way of learning or endowment: and we believe that we shall gain from them as much as they may possibly gain from us. To try and heal a political and social division of more than two centuries standing seems to us a worthy and a Christian aim; and we think that there is no place at which the process of reconciliation can so naturally or properly begin as at the universities.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the eminent physician, advocated the same liberal principles. The resolutions were carried unanimously at both meetings.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS FOR GIRLS.

Oxford has at length followed the example of Cambridge and Edinburgh and Dublin Universities in granting these examinations to girls. A statute has just been promulgated at Oxford empowering the delegates of the local examinations to admit girls as candidates. The Cambridge local examination for girls is to take place next week in Manchester and simultaneously in the other centres. The total number of candidates entered this year is 2,075, of whom 1,560 are boys, and 515 girls. There are 1,299 juniors to 261 seniors among the boys, and the junior girls number 314 to 201 seniors.

I mentioned lately the proposal to omit the word *male* from the new charter of Owens College, Manchester. The extension fund now amounts to £89 4*s.* 5*d.* The report of the Executive Committee has just been submitted to a meeting of the subscribers to the fund. It contains the following amongst other suggestions:

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Mr. Owens dedicated his endowment to the education of young persons "of the male sex." The committee feel that, in the present state of opinion on these subjects, they would not be doing justice to the prospective development of the college if they did not recommend the removal of this restriction; and they accordingly propose to secure the power of applying the old and new endowments for the benefit of students of either sex.

THE INDUSTRIAL HOME AT LIVERPOOL.

Mrs. Josephine E. Butler has just published the Annual Report of her Home for Poor Girls which I mentioned to you some months since. The girls admitted into the temporary home are not of a fallen or criminal class, but girls who are extremely poor, friendless, and unable to enter any respectable family as servants,

owing to the absence of all special training, and often of any teaching whatever, secular or religious. They are trained in household work for domestic service. Although in the results there are some disappointments, there are many encouragements. The disappointments chiefly arise from the failure of the girls to come up to the ideal even of a tolerable servant in a subordinate situation. But this is no wonder considering the material presented to work upon—girls ill-fed and often delicate, ignorant and clumsy-handed. "On the other hand," Mrs. Butler says, "it is surprising how apt some are to learn; how willing, and how susceptible of general moral elevation. Even the most unpromising sometimes succeed better in a second or third situation when they have been dismissed for incompetence from the first. The many and continued applications which we receive for servants from the Home afford the best proof perhaps that our girls do frequently approve themselves in service. We have to thank many mistresses and masters of households for their kindness to our girls whom they have taken into their service. * * Those who go out to service are always encouraged to spend their holidays at the Home, especially those who have no friends, so that they may be kept from getting into bad company. Forty-two girls have been admitted into the Home since September, 1868, making, with those who were in the Home at that time, a total of 55. Many kind gifts and subscriptions and donations in support of the Home are acknowledged. The principal remunerative employments of the girls are washing and envelope-making. £134 19*s.* 10*d.* were thus earned last year. Better accommodation for washing having been just provided by a friend, it is expected that this item will be much larger next year. The girls are kept for six months, and unless they particularly desire to remain longer, are then placed out at service. A letter to the matron, from one of the girls, and other instances of their grateful appreciation of the value of the Home are recorded.

I have given you these particulars of Mrs. Butler's Industrial Home as I know that the problem how to obtain suitable domestic servants is even more pressing with you than it is with us. Such an effort as this points to a solution of it at our very doors and of the probable rescue at the same time of these girls from depths of sorrow and misery lower than the lowest deep of poverty.

Mrs. Butler has affixed as a motto to her Report these words of the great advocate of the poor, the author of "*De la Creation de l'ordre dans l'Humanité*" and many other works of a like character:

Work is the Grand Emancipator.—Proudhon.

THE HOUSE OF REST.

This retreat at South Hill Road, Liverpool, is another of Mrs. Butler's institutions. It is a Home for Incurables—poor people whose days are numbered and who, from the nature of their cases, cannot be received to remain in hospitals. The painful and often tedious pathway to the grave is here smoothened for consumptive and other patients who have no home or friends to make such provision for them. A large institution for this object exists in London. The "few sick folk" on whom Mrs. Butler has laid her kindly hands only number twelve at present, but it may prove to be the porch of one of the many mansions of benevolence which will always be needed in this world untill Shelley's ideal of Heaven is realized;

When the power to do good equals the will
The human mind requires no other heaven.

MRS. BUTLER'S LIFE OF HER FATHER.

Memoir of John Grey of Dilston, by his Daughter, Josephine E. Butler. Edinburgh, 1869. This is a most interesting and valuable work. Mr. Grey was born in 1785, and died about two years ago. He was an extensive agriculturist and administrator of landed property in the north of England, where he will long be remembered "not merely as a warm-hearted neighbor and an upright and kindly master, but as the fervid opponent of every form of social wrong, the strenuous and powerful advocate and promoter of every useful public movement. He was a staunch Liberal in days when liberal principles were regarded as little short of treason, and all his life valiantly upheld the right and promoted reform in all matters, whether moral, social, or political. He was an enterprising, scientific agriculturist, and loved his calling with enthusiasm. Amidst the many references to the social and political questions of the day, "Mrs. Butler sketches, with a daughter's affectionate pride," says a reviewer, "her father's personal characteristics—the tall, fine figure, and comely, but swarthy countenance, which, in his youth, got him the name of the Black Prince of the North; the physical energy which he retained to the end of his life and which made him known in the hunting-field as a bold and skilful rider, even at the age of seventy-eight; his kindly relations to his family and his servants; the literary tastes which he cultivated, even in the midst of his busy life, but for which he found more leisure in the few quiet years which remained to him after his retirement from his stewardship in 1863; above all, his pure and lofty character. His family was a large one and widely scattered, and the volume contains numerous letters from absent nieces, daughters, and sons-in-law."

I must conclude this notice with Mrs. Butler's description of the home of her childhood: "Our home at Dilston was a very beautiful one. Its romantic historical associations [it was close to the ruins of a castle of an ancient border chieftain], the wild, informal, beauty all round its doors, the bright, large family circle, and the kind and hospitable character of its master and mistress, made it a very attractive place to many friends and guests. Among our pleasantest visitors there were Swedes, Russians and French, who came to England on missions of agricultural or other inquiry, and who sometimes spent weeks with us. It was a house the door of which stood wide open, as if to welcome all comers through the live-long summer day (all the days seem like summer days when looking back). It was a place where one could glide out of a lower window and be hidden in a moment, plunging straight among wild wood paths and beds of ferns, or finding oneself quickly in some cool concealment, beneath slender birch trees, or by the dry bed of a mountain stream. It was a place where the sweet, bursting sounds of waterfalls, and clear streams, murmuring over shallows, were heard all day and night, though winter storms turned these sounds into an angry roar."

From such parentage, and from such a home, came forth the editor of *Woman's Work and Woman's Culture*, and the foundress of the two Homes for the Poor which I have just described.

I am very truly yours,

Rebecca Moore.

Remember the Washington Convention.

LETTER FROM MRS. DOGGETT.

Nice, December, 1869.

Dear Revolution: From *Galignani* of 3d December I extract the following:

"During the last academical year, the nine Prussian Universities and the Academy of Munster comprised 790 professors, 199 of whom belonged to the faculty of medicine. There were 7,418 students, including 1,644 engaged in studying the latter science.

An average of about 9¼ pupils to a professor! Yet in Germany to-day a large number of the most cultivated men and women, among them some of these very professors, are giving their time, influence and money to found schools for girls and women, not merely clementary schools, but for "secondary instruction," and to supplement that, a Lyceum has being founded in Berlin where women hear lectures from the very men who divide among them this handful of students.

Now would it not be more reasonable, to say nothing of economical consideration, to open the doors of these universities and admit women to the empty benches. It is "a saying" in Germany that at Basle there are more professors than pupils, but even in Basle no woman can profit by the instructions of these learned ones. Yet in this country there are not even the ordinary objections to the co-education of the sexes as they need be in each other's presence only under the eye of the teacher, the instruction being given by lectures, lessons are not recited from text-books, as with us.

Boys and girls, men and women, may associate together in all the hours devoted to frivolty and pleasure, but to be in the same room, under the same roof even, for study, for the sake of hearing something good and useful—shocking! Women dream of university training indeed. Back with them to the *female* seminaries, where knowledge is doled out in measure to suit the capacity of the weaker vessel. Thanks be given that in our land, in spite of shortcomings enough, the *tendency* is in the other direction.

Yours ever, K. N. D.

The Christian Union.—Three copies and three Circulars have come, but *narry* cartoon as proposed. It is no great matter, only it is bad to begin the new year, or close the old, by a breach of promise. The change of name from *Church Union* is well; but the enlargement of the paper, with much additional artistic beauty, is better. And the name of Henry Ward Beecher as editor-in-chief is assurance of success and prosperity well deserved. The January 1st number, with Mr. Beecher's Inaugural article, is a model of newspaper excellence.

The Pioneer.—San Francisco has a capital newspaper by that name, owned and edited by Mrs. Emily A. Pitts. It is second to few weekly papers, east or west, in size, editorial conduct, or mechanical execution, and of course advocates earnestly the equal rights of woman with men.

The Golden City is another San Francisco weekly journal, very large, admirably conducted, and has also many a good word for women.

Hearth and Home.—The Christmas No. was first rate, illustrations and all. Its editors for 1870 are to be Donald G. Mitchell, with Andrew S. Fuller and Mary E. Dodge associates.

The Revolution.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, $3 A YEAR.

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ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Cor. Editor.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1870.

THE NEW YEAR.

From the far off prairies we send greeting to our many readers, hoping that with the old year the ties that bind us may not be severed.

If, since we have joined hands together, words of ours have made any stronger, braver, we in turn gather new inspiration from "what the people say to us." We are assured in our travels every day that The Revolution has been a real blessing to many a woman's soul, galvanizing them to new thought and action. Hundreds in this quiet West have thanked us with earnestness and sincerity for the words of hope to them that have glowed on all our pages.

"The Revolution," said an aged woman, who had drained to the dregs, the bitterest cup of life's experience, "brings us a new gospel of self-respect, self-support and self-protection."

"Parker Pillsbury," said another, "is the John Stuart Mill of America. They are the only two men who as yet have seemed to see the lowest depths of woman's degradation. They write as if they had suffered all our wrongs. Until their late utterances, I had felt that it was woman's mission alone to preach the living Jesus of light and hope and happiness, while man proclaimed the dead Christ a religion of gloomy suffering and sacrifice."

Sitting alone in the solemn midnight hour, how real is the presence of such friends! how faint the shadows of those who mock and sneer, and in spirit we join hands with the good and true in the long past, and pledge ourself once more that the weal and woe of humanity shall be everything to us, their praise and their blame of no effect.

The New Year is the time for high resolves, new promises of added virtue, honor, truth and love, and if, in looking back from week to week, from month to month, one sees some vantage ground secured, some wished for heights attained, one need not be discouraged, though often erring in word and deed. Looking over the pages of the journal one edits, is like reviewing the years of one's life; if the main purpose has been noble, let our rejoicing swallow up all our regrets, and let our blunders be forgotten in the blessings we bring mankind.

While some of the highly cultivated, the dilettanti, have complained that we called things by their right names in denouncing vice and crime, and that we were not equal to the Westminster *Review* in literary merit, science, philosophy and research, the *masses* have accepted us gladly, and to them specially we desire to talk.

There are plenty of journals and periodicals for those whose æsthetic and artistic tastes predominate, and we would fain keep ours sacred to the needs and wants, the sentiments and affections of every day life. We care more for what concerns the comfort and happiness of the masses than for the culture of the few. With the New Year come many friends with substantial offerings and words of cheer, and in beginning our third year we have fresh assurances of prosperity and permanence.

With the distinguished contributors pledged to our support, the pages of The Revolution must be richer in the future than in the past.

As for ourself and "P. P.," seeing the shadows as well as the sunshine in life's panorama, we shall say our say as we have in the past, setting forth the wrongs and oppressions of the many who suffer outside the charmed circle that the few within may shine. Cousin says, "in every soul there is bound up some truth and some error." With our best wishes, and a happy New Year to our readers, we ask them to accept the truth we bring them, and cast aside our errors like chaff before the wind. Truth only is eternal.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Away down in Louisiana, inland from New Orleans a good many miles, is a little town in Livingston County (or Parish, as they say down there), known as Ponchatoula, in which a brave little newspaper is published, called the Livingston *Herald*. J. O. and J. E. Spencer are the editors and proprietors. They have made acquaintance in some way with The Revolution, have published its Prospectus, and on the question of Woman Suffrage, are in full agreement with it; as witness the following from its own Prospectus:

> On the question of Woman Suffrage, the *Herald* will lend its influence to the furtherance of that end, holding that as woman is human and endowed with equal intellect with man, and subject to the same laws, she should have an equal voice.

It also copies articles from The Revolution, and, honester than many larger papers, and of much larger pretensions, and much nearer New York and New England, it gives the proper credit for them. It is a truly progressive paper in many respects, and but for one serious drawback, would be among the very best and wholesomest influences in all the South for its upbuilding and prosperity. It does not believe in equal suffrage for the colored people. Would the Messrs. Spencer spend a year or two in Philadelphia, New York or Boston, they might still believe in intelligent or educated suffrage, but they would soon learn that color of skin had mighty little to do with the question. The Revolution believes in intelligent suffrage, but has learned on the spot, that even in the old slave States there are large numbers of white, native born citizens, who can read neither a written nor printed ballot, still less, write one, nor get an *honest, decent living*, any way in the world. At the same time there are at least a few colored men there who can and who do perform all these things. And their number is said, by the best southern authorities, to be constantly increasing. So the Livingston *Herald* may find bye and bye, that its philosophy in this respect will need revision, will need a little more Revolution. The number at hand has several good, manly articles and protests against cruelty and injustice (towards woman as such, one or two), the longest of which is an account of the way a prisoner under sentence of death for murder was treated by the District Attorney and his inhuman jailor. It was not in Louisiana, but in Rockland County, New York. The fiendish monsters, of their own motion, determined to extort a confession by fright, at sight of the head of the murdered man, and here is the way they did it:

> One day the prisoner asked leave to wash his hands somewhere, as there was no water in his cell. He was told to go to the adjoining cell, where there was a bucket. He entered the cell, watched by the jailor and District Attorney, and bent down to dip his hands into the pail, and gave a shriek of fear. There, floating on the surface of the water was the head which they had cut off from the body for the purpose! The contracted face looking into his, the glossy eyes glaring at him as if yet in the agony of death, the waxen lips curled as if in pain, and the white-gleaming teeth clenched together! He started back in surprise, in fear, in madness, and rushed out, but again and again the same ordeal was gone through, until the unhappy man made two or three confessions, in which insanity was clearly discernible, and in his sleepless nights the ghastly head came before him in his dreams, and appalled his senses until his brain racked with terror, and he leaped from his bed stark, staring mad.

The *Herald* comments with becoming severity on that diabolical transaction, but it should remember that it was white demons and not black, that perpetrated it. It is pleasant to agree with the *Herald* so fully and cordially on the right of woman to the ballot; but can we not also come a little nearer together on the question of color?

P. P.

WHAT THE SOUTH NEEDS.

The New Orleans *Republican* had an article a week or two since worth more to the south at present than whole libraries of essays on Suffrage, however eloquent and however invaluable is that natural and inalienable right, to both men and women. It was speaking of the importance and worth of small and well-cultivated farms, the work in doors and out being shared by the members of the family, irrespective of sex. This kind of cultivation, it truly says, would cause the south to teem with plenty, and our country people would know an independence and luxury that they have never dreamed of. This order of farmer is not an aristocrat, lording it over the humbler, but he is the most independent, comfortable man upon the earth, deeming his neighbor as good as himself. In Rapides parish, the *Republican* adds, a practical German agriculturist, with no help but his sons, has shown the people what can be done in the way of small farming; and we are told that in winter his whole farm seems a storehouse of the products of the earth; not excepting sugar, molasses and flour of his own raising. The women of the family understand making cloth of such fine texture, and such beautiful colors, that it vies with the production of our best looms; and it is the German's boast that he has no need of stores, for he never buys anything. Let small farming be practically illustrated through various parts of the south, and numbers who now live in the cities and towns, without knowing from day to day where the next meal is to come from, will be turning to the country.

It is the calamity of all countries, old and new, that the laboring class must be a degraded class. Capital must yet have a battle with labor. It now rules labor, though numerically, a miserable minority. And it won't surrender its sceptre but with a conflict. Importation of Chinese and Japanese laborers, means still capital *versus* labor. Small farms at the south, though its only salvation, as yet are its abomination. And no black man will work if he can avoid it, more than his white neighbor.

Why should he? In slavery, he associated freedom with idleness, if not with dissipation, debauchery and lordly tyranny. That was the spectacle continually before him. Now that he is free, he puts on the same airs. How can he help it under the teaching and example of his whole life, and with the same scenes of white idleness and unthrift, dissipation and demagoguism still meeting him at every turn? For the German example referred to by the New Orleans *Republican* is, as yet, of most rare occurrence. But that precedent must be followed. It must become the rule instead of the exception as it is now, and, at the south, ever has been. Most of the white emigration from the north to the south has been, and is, its scourge and curse. It has not carried New England ideas, any more than the long-tailed Chinaman is bringing them. It has gone there since the war, like the old New Jersey wreckers to the beach after a terrible storm, to seize what can be had. Some have taken their wives and families, but even these have become demoralized to frightful extent, and woe to the colored man or maid who comes to their kitchen! It is the old negro quarters and slave regime every way, so far as degradation and debasement can go. Now and then a family can be found where life, to the colored kitchen, garden and stable employees, is rendered tolerable. One I saw, where something like equality is recognized, if the domestics will deserve it. In one, some ten or a dozen young men and boys have been prepared for college, and several of them have already entered, the lady and her daughter having done most of the teaching in their preparation. I had the pleasure, nay the honor, of dining one day with two or three of them during their vacation, at the table of their benefactor, and the mothers of some of them in the company, as lady-like and noble women (one of them, certainly) as I ever saw in all the south. But such is not the rule. Most of the northern people at the south were better off at home. And the south would be a thousand-fold better off without them. It was always something horrible to see young and even old slaveholders come up from the south and marry the most beautiful belles of the north and carry them down to divide the pandering to their lusts with the quadroon and creole beauties of the chamber, the kitchen, or the plantation. But doubly dreadful is it now to see northern young men returning from the south to marry northern beauty and purity and virtue, when it is known they have long been holding adulterous dalliance with the same class of colored charmers in whom the slaveholder always took such supreme delight, in spite of his northern bride, whom he had led as a lamb to the slaughter!

O no, ballots cannot redeem the south when those who wield them are at the mercy of the meanest men who ever preyed upon unsuspecting humanity. I will not utter one breath against extending it to man and woman, wherever they are held amenable to law, or are compelled to its support. But the political, social and religious morality of the south is simply monstrous. And the ballot alone as panacea, will be as ineffective to correct it, as would have been the drop of water on the tongue of Dives, to extinguish all the flames of hell. One million Chinese, Japanese and Cooly laborers poured into the present seething cauldron of southern society will, in ten years, produce moral and material convulsions that will shake the earth as never before since its first foundations were laid.

P. P.

Mrs. H. B. Stanton is said to be engaged upon a volume entitled "The Women of the Bible." Is she not better fitted to write us a book about "The Women of The Revolution?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Her intimate knowledge of the women of The Revolution exactly fits her for the sketches she is at present making of the women of sacred history, they being identical in all their leading characteristics.

The Bible women are essentially strong-minded, and will undoubtedly be the moving spirits in the first Woman's Rights Convention on the other side of Jordan. No doubt Deborah, Huldah, Ruth, Naomi, Miriam, Jael, Sheba, Esther, Vashti, Mary, Martha, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Priscilla, and Phillip's four daughters will all grace the platform and take sweet council with Lucretia Mott, Anna Dickinson, Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. H. B. S. of The Revolution.

If the accounts men give us of the heavenly state be true, we shall have some wrongs to right in the next sphere, so that no "white male" need flatter himself that when he is gathered to his Fathers, even, he will hear no more of the woman question, for we shall demand justice and equality through all eternity.

Physical Scholarships for Women.—Under this heading the *Evening Post* announces, or repeats the announcement of Miss Garrett, of the foundation of two scholarships for women who wish to study medicine. The examinations for them are to be held in London next June, and the only condition required of candidates is that they shall be under twenty-five years of age. Each scholarship is to be £50 sterling per annum, and to last three years. This sum, equal to three hundred dollars U. S. currency, is enough to support a student comfortably at a London medical school.

The *Post* couldn't afford to say so much in woman's behalf without flinging at her, this:

Miss Garrett is not known to us as a noisy "reformer" or an "agitator for women's rights:" but she appears to have a strong practical sense of what her sex really want, and to be able to make a substantial contribution to it. How many of our fierce lecturers on the "suppressed sex" will ever do so much?

It required a good many of what the *Post* calls "fierce lecturers" to make it possible for one Miss Garnett to be all. It will require many more to greatly multiply the number. Such are only the first fruits of "the agitation for Women's Rights," so deprecated by the *Post*. So the "fierce lecturers," whom the *Post* thus sneers, are contributing the contributors themselves, and will yet surprise the world more and more with the richness of their gifts.

Rights of Connecticut Wives.—The laws of Connecticut are rather *indigoish* to this day as relates to woman, as the following, from the N. Y. *Tribune*, shows:

In Connecticut, when a woman possessing property marries, and presents her husband with an heir, the happy father not only has the above title, but he is from that time made trustee of all his wife's property, the income of which he cannot only use for his wife, but for himself and children if he chooses. If there is any surplus he can invest it in his own name, and the wife, to whom it rightfully belongs, cannot prevent it. If the wife contracts debts beyond his approval, he can forbid it. Furthermore, if the wife dies, then the husband, becoming what is termed "tenant by the courtesy," comes into full possession of everything during his life; so that her property can be used by strangers, while those to whom she would wish it to go can be deprived of it—even her own children. A married woman cannot make a will in Connecticut to take effect until after the death of her husband.

"WOMAN'S NATURAL PROTECTORS."

It is wearisome to the flesh to read the tales of sorrow and woe that continually reach the ear, of man's inhumanity to woman. But when a clergy-man is the offender, it becomes still more harrowing, because that more fully proves how "all the foundations of the earth are out of course!" One English paper has four or five grievous charges against as many ministers, one of which the *World* presents thus:

Some weeks ago we gave an account of a strange scene in the church of the Rev. J. Jackson, at Ledbury. While the vicar was holding forth on a Sunday, in his most eloquent style, a young woman, bearing an infant in her arms, and followed by her mother, walked smartly up the central aisle to the very base of the pulpit. There pausing, and holding aloft the babe, she loudly proclaimed it as the paternal property of the good man in the pulpit! Her mother as loudly affirmed the same, and there ensued a scene anything but worshipful. In rehearsing the occurrence, we rather leaned to a suspicion of "conspiracy," and left our readers to infer that the Rev. Mr. Jackson might possibly be a victim of womanly guile and malignity. We regret to say, however, that the magistrates of Ledbury, after a fair and formal hearing of testimony in the case, have found the vicar guilty of too great familiarity with Elizabeth Parry, his own former cook-maid at the rectory, and sentenced him to pay two shillings and sixpence per week towards the maintenance of the child.

"Two and sixpence a week towards the maintenance of the child!" Such is the penalty which the Queen and her ministers, all the courts, all the laws, the army, the navy, the education, the religion, all inflict in solemn governmental conspiracy, upon a ravening wolf in black sheep's wool, who has perpetrated an outrage on a simple-headed and unsuspecting-hearted peasant girl, worse a thousand times than death. "Two and sixpence! two and sixpence!"

Educated Suffrage.—The Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, at a recent meeting in Kennett Lyceum, passed the following resolution:

That the ballot presupposes some public system of education, to fit the people to use it; that one chief cause of the rebellion was the ignorance of the masses, who were therefore easily misled by designing men; hence it is clearly the duty of Congress, in reconstructing the south, to claim that the states shall establish a system of public free schools, and to insist that if any state neglects or refuses to do so, the nation will establish such schools, and tax the state for their support.

Petitions! Petitions!—Let them be signed as rapidly as possible and forwarded to The Revolution office, or to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, at Washington. Remember they are to be presented at the Convention on the 19th inst.

To Correspondents.—Don't preach. Don't even exhort. Don't philosophize. Above all, don't sentimentalize. For the two former we have no need. Of the third, not more than ten men and women are capable in any generation. For the fourth, this globe of granite and stern fact has no room, time nor patience. *Give us facts and experience*, in words, if you please, as hard as cannon-balls.

Friends of the Revolution.—You have given us a most happy new year. Our subscription receipts for December exceed those of any month since The Revolution was inaugurated.

New Hampshire Suffrage Convention.—Notice of proceedings next week.

Editorial Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Here I had the pleasure of meeting all the faithful in counsel, learning what they had done and intended to do in coming time. There is no Suffrage Association so wide awake as this. They had already sent resolutions of thanks to Wyoming, with letters to the Governor, as well as resolutions and letters to the Suffrage Committee of the Constitutional Convention of Illinois.

They had just received an answer from the Governor of Wyoming, stating that the measure was no joke, but the result of serious consideration. Moreover, as I have always predicted, this right has been first conferred on us by a Democratic Legislature.

I gave "Our Young Girls" in Mercantile Hall, to the largest audience, the residents told me, that any one had drawn this winter. In honor of western progress, the platform was decorated with the following motto in great letters:

"Wyoming! First in the roll of honor!
Firm as her everlasting mountains.
The new evangel shall never perish!"

I had the honor of reading the following letter from Governor Campbell to the audience:

WYOMING TERRITORY, EXECUTIVE DEP'T,
CHEYENNE, December, 1869.

MADAM: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., enclosing copy of resolutions adopted at a meeting of the Missouri Woman's Suffrage Association, with the request that I would lay the same before the Legislature. That body has adjourned, but I will take means to have your very complimentary resolutions brought to the attention of the members at an early day.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,
J. A. CAMPBELL.

TO MRS. W. T. HAZARD, Cor. Sec. Woman's Suffrage Association, St. Louis, Mo.

The leading lawyers and judges of St. Louis insist that women already have the right to vote, and they are determined to test it in our courts.

The resolutions drawn up by Mr. Minor, for the St. Louis Convention, showing that there is nothing in the constitution to prevent women from voting, reflect the general feeling here. Several ladies intend to register their names at the next general election, and test their right to vote first in the courts of the State, and then in the Supreme Court of the United States, where we, too, may get a "Dred Scott" decision. Many urge that in saying white males may vote, negroes and women are not forbidden. The Hon. John Jay, in writing to the people of New York, urging the adoption of the U. S. Constitution, uses this language in reference to the objection that certain principles were not inserted in the instrument: "Silence and blank paper neither give nor take away anything." See Eliott's Debates, vol. 3.

Alexander Hamilton, in the *Federalist* says: "Any one can perceive the wide difference between silence and abolition." As our sires and sons are all the time amending both the National and State Constitutions, it becomes a very important inquiry whether the women have a legal right to say what the fundamental laws of their respective States and the nation shall be. This is one of my objections to the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, that it is proposed to make all men our rulers, white, black, washed and unwashed, lettered and unlettered, *without even asking the consent of the women of the country.* I insist this thing cannot be legally done in this way, and no State has a right to adopt the Fifteenth Amendment until woman is heard on the question.

In the revision of a constitution, an elementary fundamental work is done, and "*all the people*" (if women are not *people* what are they) have a right to say on what basis their government shall stand. E. C. S.

NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS.

THE gray old year has passed away, its accounts are finally closed, its joys and sorrows, its anxieties and fears are all laid aside, the grand work for the new year is before us; the bridges are all cut away, we cannot go back even should we grow weak and cowardly.

In our homes conscience would flagellate us into the ranks if we were to seek rest there—if we were to cross the ocean, it would follow us there; if we hide in the western wilds, even there, would come the command to work for humanity; hence, we may as well be found at our posts with our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to enter in and possess the land, for it is a goodly heritage and ours by Divine right.

Welcome, then, to the new year, with its work, its joys and sorrows, its fears and anxieties, for they too must come; but let us shut the doors on the old dead past, airing none of its skeletons. Let us hide them away in darkness and they will shrivel to nothingness, and possibly if buried deep enough flowers will grow over them.

From the old, we will carry over our faith and hope, and a sorrow that we have done so little for so great a cause.

Dear REVOLUTION, you are two years old. At your first christening feast you had many gifts from the presiding fairies. Wit, beauty, bravery, freedom and strength. Some people say that discretion was withheld—and we all know that the wicked old fairy, envy, would have condemned you to an early death if she could, but you were too strong for her, and so you were just condemned to run the gauntlet of all sorts of opposition and persecution; but you, brave little one, you have done just what you proposed. You have "fought it out on that line," and now, to this new year's feast, let all the fairies come with their richest gifts and graces, but let the grand crowning one be work—brave, systematic, earnest work. Let us all look over our own immediate field and see if we have ploughed as deep, and sown our seed as profusely as we should. How many converts have we made, how many tracts and petitions put in circulation? How many new subscribers have we obtained to our paper, and how many will we each get this year?

Remember that the success of our paper is an individual success to every woman subscriber. It is *our organ*, in which we can utter *our* bravest, purest, strongest thought, and we claim you as our sisters, with whom we have the deepest sympathy, and for whom we would willingly lay down our lives to see you all large, noble women with sound minds acting through sound bodies. Begin with us this week, work with us, and grow cheerful and happy with us, in the hope of a better future for our daughters than we have had—a hope, too, that our sons shall be better, truer, more manly and noble when they take in the large meaning of the word humanity, than are the men of the present time.

To the beloved friends who have carried you through two years of turbulent life, we send the warmest greetings. Nothing but the truest self-abnegation and entire consecration to the cause could have sustained you in the past, may the same spirit be with you for coming years—the same love of truth, the same uncompromising spirit against every form of oppression and evil, the same love and trust in the Infinite Father. Then may you claim the benediction, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile *you* and say all manner of evil against you *falsely* for my sake." "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in Heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

To the new co-workers I can only say—even though you come not till the eleventh hour, you shall receive your full wages, even as those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. So the "last shall be first and the first last."

A happy new year to all. P. W. D.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

MY DEAR MISS ANTHONY: You ask from me a new year's greeting and words of cheer and encouragement in your work. May I then wish you a Happy New Year, out of a true sisterly heart, you and your pet child, spinster though you are, and your darling as troublesome a child as ever an adopted one has been? You know right well that I have always doubted a little your wisdom in giving this child so imposing a name; and I confess still to a tender pity for the youngling that it should now be started forth on another year's pilgrimage with such a heavy pack upon its back; but remembering, as I do, the many unfortunate labels which tender *own parents* have bestowed at the baptismal font, in serene unconsciousness of the discomfort they were preparing for their consecrated babes, I find myself drawn also to *you* in bonds of sympathy, and between you both my blessings on you both are a little tempered with sadness, I find; so that it is almost with tears that I say God bless you, mother and child, and give you many more years of faithful service in his dear cause.

And after all, is not this just as you would have it, my dear friend? Have you ever known the time since that venerable Quaker father of your's, in giving you his blessing by the laying on of holy hands, said, "*Susan, if thee thinks it is* RIGHT, *thee* MUST *do it*," that the new years and all the years were not tinged with sadness? "Whoso doth not bear his cross, cannot be my disciple," saith Christ. Are you weary of following so glorious a leader, my friend? I take it, you are not, and therefore I join hands with you and bid you be of good cheer—for verily, they that be with us are more than they that be against us, and the day of deliverance draweth nigh.

One sign of this blessed consummation to my mind is the dreadful arraying of forces just now, as if for a last battle, and the showers of poisonous darts from the encampments of the wicked, which go near to filling with dismay the hearts of noble men and women all over the land. Let a woman never so pure and virtuous, of a life without spot or blemish, but venture out of the beaten track, and an arrow from some hostile sharp-shooter seeks her for a victim, and woe to the friends who shall stand by her, vouching for her innocence! Are they not even worse than she? accessories after the fact? sinners by implication, and only waiting

the opportunity to become her fellows in vice—let them go down also.

"Behold, we count them happy who *endure*," saith an apostle. Let that be our motto then for the coming year, and this also, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord—that the Lord is *very pitiful, and of tender mercy.*"

And through you, may I not speak a word of comfort and cheer to many other noble women, who, venturing into these new paths—leading, as they believe, towards righteousness and peace—have found them thorny ways, and hard to be trodden by tender feet?

My sisters, have we not a solemn duty laid upon us, to stand by one another to the end of this bitter way? and can we hope for the approval of our consciences and of our God, if we fail to exercise toward each other that blessed charity, which, rejoicing not in iniquity, but rejoicing in the truth, "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things and *never faileth?*"

Doubtless there are among the advocates of Woman Suffrage, both men and women, whose views with regard to social morals, and the best method of preserving and purifying the family state, differ from ours, but since we cannot be sure that all wisdom dwells with us, ought we not to bear with patience what may seem to us of questionable soundness and wisdom in the utterances of these friends, who, I feel sure, are striving, as we are, to work out of darkness and into light?

For myself, I should greatly rejoice if we might have the Suffrage first and speedily; and when it is settled in the public *feeling* that mothers and daughters have the same right and interest in the government of their country, and duty towards it, that fathers and sons have, I should have great hope that the legislation that would come from their united wisdom would be such as to command the assent and the respect of all virtuous minds.

But the whole question of the true relation of the sexes to each other is so intimately connected with that of Woman Suffrage that it is probably hopeless to attempt to separate them entirely now, and we who would gladly wait that peaceful evolution of affairs, during which many a hobgoblin of difficulty and prejudice would disappear to be seen no more, must be compelled, I fear, to grapple with foes within and foes without, to the rending of our very souls.

Nevertheless, if we, who believe that a true christian republic can never be built upon the basis of an aristocracy of manhood, that the mother element is as necessary in the state as in the family, will abide by our convictions and will work for them, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, being careful of the purity of our own souls and tolerant towards our fellow-workers, whatever their convictions, may we not hope for a speedy triumph of the right and the beginning of a new day, even the day of righteousness and peace?

It is in this faith and hope that I am your sincere friend and fellow-worker.

I. B. H.

P. S. Let me congratulate you upon your faithful English correspondent, and say that her letters alone are, in my judgment, worth the subscription price of your paper. The last number deals so admirably with the subjects to which I have adverted, that I wish it might be reprinted in a succeeding number, or at least, that in some way the attention of all thoughtful minds might be called to the phases of the woman question there presented, and to the action of our British friends in regard to a proposed extension of an act of Parliament of most doubtful morality.

Hartford, Jan. 1, 1870.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CALL FOR THE SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

THE Executive Committee of the National Woman's Suffrage Association hereby call a Convention to be held in Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 19th and 20th of January, at 10 o'clock.

The object of this Convention is to secure the Elective Franchise for Women; therefore all who are in favor of this object are invited to become members of the Convention without respect to party, creed or sect.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout the country are requested to send delegates.

It is expected that the States now organized under the National Woman's Suffrage Association will be fully represented by well-chosen delegates from each State, and also that the remaining States and territories will, previous to that time, be so organized as to send their delegates.

The utmost exertion will be made by the Committee to make this a truly National Convention.

The complete list of speakers will be published as soon as the Committee receive answers from persons invited.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Sec'y.

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

THE Committee of Arrangements authorize me to announce that John Neal, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella B. Hooker, Paulina Wright Davis, Matilda E. Joslyn Gage, Charlotte B. Wilbour, Lillie D. Blake, Celia Burleigh and Susan B. Anthony are pledged to attend the National Convention at Washington; and that they hope by next week to be able to add to the list the names of Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Mary F. Davis, Miriam Cole, Lilie Peckham, Phœbe Couzens, Jennie Collins, Revs. Olympia Brown and Phebe A. Hanaford; all of whom, with the leading men advocates of Woman Suffrage, they have earnestly invited. S. B. A.

A NEW YORK COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

THE friends of Woman's Suffrage in the County of New York will meet at the Woman's Bureau to-day, Thursday, at 2 p.m., to form a County Association. The Association will be auxiliary to the State Association, organized at Saratoga last July. The friends of Woman's Suffrage in this city are invited to be present.

CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR,
Vice-Pres. for the County of N. Y.

MISS CLARA NORRIS will make her debut before the New York public, as a Reader, on the 19th of this month. The lady is deeply interested in the cause of woman, and stepping from a high social circle, will bring all that wealth represents and education can bestow to make labor honorable for all.

MR. BRACE AND HIS BOYS.

WITHOUT much noise and with no bluster, Mr. Charles Loring Brace has been conducting for some sixteen or seventeen years, one of the best Charities which New York or any other city can boast. The Children's Aid Society is now well and widely known from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains; if, in no other way, by the young emigration with which it has planted and is still planting the mighty West. New York is a mire of misery, deeper and darker than the oil wells of the Alleghanies, and Mr. Brace is not only working them successfully but with their product he is already lighting up the prairies with an improved and more hopeful civilization. For the very taking and training these wild city outcasts is quickening and improving the families who do it. And the many assurances that come back almost constantly to the Society's headquarters of the good doing and done, are seals of assurance that the enterprise is already crowned with the Divine favor.

During the first year that Mr. Brace was Secretary, he expended $4,000. In 1856 it reached $10,000, and in 1860, $20,000, in 1868 nearly $160,000. In sixteen years and nine months since the enterprise began it has expended $767,000. It has sent 17,000 children from the vice and filth of the New York streets to Western farms and homes. Besides this it has done much towards civilizing the city Arabs. Mr. Brace has now on his yearly list of pupils in the industrial and evening schools nearly 7,000 children, and an average attendance of some 2,800, who are taught at the rate of about $15 a year for each pupil constantly in attendance. There are twenty-seven of these schools, nineteen being day schools; there are five lodging-houses, which cost nearly $40,000 a year to support, and the cost of sending off to homes in the West about 2,500 persons is something less than ten dollars each, say $25,000. The number actually sent in the nine months ending November 1, was 1,930, an increase of 476 over the corresponding period of 1868. For the whole time since March, 1853, the number sent off from the city averages almost exactly a thousand a year. Ten or twelve thousand are every year sheltered in the lodging-houses.

And all this is but a part of what has been done. Surely such an enterprise, so valuable to the peace and order of the city itself, and conducted, too, under the very eye of its wealth and influence, should never want the most ample means to carry forward its grand and holy purposes. P. P.

WHO DID IT?—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is now on a lyceum tour in the west, being quite near Cleveland during the session of the late Woman Suffrage Convention in that city, and being telegraphed by some of the members to come and speak at one of the sessions, answered as follows:

TO MRS. ——, AND OTHERS: As my actions for the last two years have been disliked by some of the members of your convention, and as I detest the petty wrangles that my presence might give rise to, and as my time is preoccupied, I must decline your kind invitation. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Of the above forgery, I knew nothing till it was sent me at La Crosse, Wis. I did not know the telegraph wires would lie. How demoralized the age must be, when even electricity can be made to tell lies?

"SHALL SHE VOTE?"

Woman is meant, and the question is asked in the *North Carolinan*, quite a respectable and well-conducted paper away down there among the turpentine trees. And the writer answers:

From our inmost soul, we say aye! Prominent among present issues stands the question of Female Suffrage. From a small beginning, at first laughed at and scorned by the superficial and unthinking, this has grown to be one of prime importance, enlisting in its discussions pro. and con. many of the ablest minds of this nation; the ranks of its advocates are daily increasing, and may their increase continue until there can be found in all our broad land not one who would deny to woman her right to an equal voice in shaping the course and directing the policy of the government under which she lives and to the support of which she contributes so much. Why, we ask, should she not vote? We challenge the world to produce a reason founded in truth and justice. From the time when Adam in his cowardly plea exclaimed with trembling lips, "the woman tempted me and I did eat," poor woman has been called upon to bear the blame of all man's misfortunes; to be charged with his fall without receiving the credit of his redemption. It is time this should cease, that woman should be recognized and acknowledged to be, as in truth she is, the author of all that is good and noble in the character of man. From the time of birth up to maturity, when the mind is plastic and receives and retains the images stamped upon it, woman's empire over man is supreme. What are the consequences? In childhood we are open, generous and truthful; and it is only when the gentle guide who has guarded and protected us, has passed away, and when grown corrupt by contact with the world, that we find a man ready to sell his talents or his principles for gold or political promotion.

With a good deal more like it, for which we have not space, but closing thus nobly:

For one we say, tear down the barriers, give woman an opportunity to show her wisdom and virtue; place the ballot in her hands, that she may protect herself and reform man, and ere a quarter of a century has elapsed many of the foulest blots upon the civilization of this age will have passed away.

Charlotte Denman Lozier, M.D.—In her sudden and early death (age only 25), her family and friends, the cause of woman, society generally, and especially the Medical Profession, into which she seemed to have come commissioned as a leader and bright particular star, have all sustained an almost irreparable loss.

Gail Hamilton has made arrangements with the Harpers to contribute to their various periodicals, and starts in the *Bazar* with a "Blotting Paper," in which she gives her opinion of Prof. Blot's art, and of co-operative housekeeping, and so forth. So say the papers, and so doubtless it is to be, for the Harper's have already learned the value of first-class woman editors, and probably mean to secure them, as far as possible. They have done wisely in adding Gail Hamilton to the number.

The New England Female Medical College has graduated since its establishment seventy-four women who have pursued a full course and taken degrees. More than two hundred others have attended partial courses with a view to become nurses only, now a most important calling and growing constantly more so.

Western Letters.—Several have been delayed lately, for which probably the violent storms must be held accountable.

The New England Labor Reform League—Its Annual Convention will be held in Boston, Sunday and Monday, January 23d and 24th.

"The Messiah."—It was performed on Christmas evening in Steinway Hall, to a magnificent, and an admiring audience, by the New York Harmonic Society, under the conduct of Professor Ritter. It has been intimated on some former similar occasions, that the Professor lacks the magnetic or electric force required to charge down effectively with his choruses and sweep the audience almost as with a battle storm. But such a criticism would have been out of place on that occasion. Some of the solos, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," among others, were done with most ravishing power and beauty.

It may seem to many like calling the Bible too large, to say "The Messiah" is too long; but it is too long for a single performance. In the old time, and in the old world, when and where it was composed, everything almost was longer than now—life itself even. Sermons were frequently three hours long, and prayers one; and a religious service was often extended through four hours, and even more.

It is said "The Messiah" was composed and finished in three and twenty days. Another week spent in distilling down, would have been well spent, at least for these times. The force and beauty of the sentiment are sacrificed to repetition and long-drawn slurs. The latter are frequently overdone. When performed once or twice to perfection, there seems no need of doing them over and over in the same part, and in the third hour. Music, like oratory, should have meaning, and whole pages of Amen, I forget how many, to an audience that has sat from eight o'clock till nearly eleven, must equal the strains of cherubim and seraphim not to be wearisome, if not tedious. It must be dispiriting, too, to the performers, to see so many of the audience leave before the close as left on Christmas night; not one of whom could have gone but with regret, for the performance, to the very last measure, was entrancing in a high degree—a musical sacrament not often to be enjoyed in these lower spheres. P. P.

The Chicago Legal News.—Mrs. Bradwell has found her vocation without looking for it. A woman, and yet editor of one of the ablest and best legal journals in America, and a practical lawyer to boot! Illinois has now a Constitutional Convention in session. Extension of suffrage is one topic for consideration and action. In her last paper, the editor of the *News* charges down upon the Convention in style and spirit, as follows:

We understand that our State has thus far been ruled by the majority of *white males*, but the minority of white males, notwithstanding the fact that they have had an opportunity to vote have become dissatisfied because they have no one to represent their views in the legislative department of the State, and insist upon minority representation. One of the gifted members of our own district, Mr. Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, is the champion of the minority. He insists that the minority have privileges which should not only be respected but represented. We fully agree with him thus far, and are in favor of minority representation. We hope, Mr. Medill, in getting up your plan of minority representation for males, or *white males*, as the case may be, you will not forget the fact that the females of Illinois are in *numbers* about equal to the majority and minority of males added together; their views are not represented in the legislative department of the government; that they have not even a single member in the Constitutional Convention; that under the present system their unborn children may be willed away from them; that after entering into the marriage contract they can make no contract that can be enforced in a court of law.

What are you going to do for the female half of the citizens of the State of Illinois? Are you going to give them political rights? and if not political rights, are you going to give them *civil* rights? That is, equal rights before the law with *men*. Who ever heard of the "married condition" of a husband disqualifying him from entering into contract, transacting business as an agent, or holding office?

Association Internationale des Femmes.—Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, editor and proprietor of The Revolution, have been elected honorary members of this Association, and certificates of membership have been forwarded to them from Switzerland, signed by Maria Goegg, President, and Pauline La Gier, Secretary.

Disproportion of Men and Women.—It seems by the latest statistics that in Ohio there is an excess of 40,500 men over women, in Michigan 40,000, in California 143,000, and in other States of the West similar proportions.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

With the year, closes also the term of subscription of a large number of the patrons of The Revolution. It is gratifying to announce that the greater portion of them have already renewed; and that we are receiving most encouraging additions also to our list. To both classes, and to all our friends, we extend our heartiest good wishes, complimentary to the season, and our congratulations on the sublime successes which have crowned the year, both in the Old world and the New. The cause is alike ours and our patrons. The labors, the hopes, the end to be accomplished, are all ours alike, and we must mutually aid each the other. We shall spare neither labor nor expense to make The Revolution all that its most earnest friends can desire; and we confidently hope, on their part, for a cheerful co-operation in extending it as widely as possible.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES.

All should do Missionary work—subscribe for ten or twenty copies of The Revolution and circulate them throughout their neighborhood.

HELP THE REVOLUTION.

Send us brief statements of every successful doing of woman. The report of one woman's *real* success, encourages hundreds to put forth new effort in some direction.

SPECIMENS.

If you want your friends to see a specimen copy of The Revolution, send on their names, post-office address, and the 2 cent stamp.

"PLEASE X."

Brother editors, and sisters, too! The Revolution must draw a line somewhere. Here it is. If you would have us greet and grace your tables this new year, just publish our Prospectus in full—notice Contributor, Born Thrall by Alice Cary, all our good promises; send us a *marked* copy, and you shall be enrolled on our exchange list at once.

LITERARY.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By S. Baring Gould, M.A., author of Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, etc., etc. Part 1, Heathenism and Mosaism. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 90, 92, 94 Grand street.

In the period of "Yellow-covered Literature," so-called, twenty, or five and twenty years ago, a most respectable New York house published a large number of valuable select works under the designation of "Books that are Books." In the present demoralized tone of the public press, there is need of just such another enterprise. For it cannot be denied that although the trade teems with a progeny like the locusts of Egypt in number, there are not, of all the swarming myriads, very many books that are books in any exalted sense. They are rare, and so, it is to be feared, are their readers. But there are some. Among them isthis, published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., entitled the Origin and Development of Religious Belief. Never was such a work more needed. Indeed so much needed is it that it is even doubtful whether this generation will ever know the obligation it is under to both author and publisher for bringing it within available reach. Even the teachers of religion themselves need it, perhaps none more than they; and its sacred interests suffer fearfully in consequence. The age of superstition and blind faith is superseded, and something like, very like, Positivism is asserting itself. Men ask, and must and will have demonstration. And they can have it, in their religion as well as in anything else. And whatever faith does not dig down and base itself on the very underpinning of the moral and intellectual and rational universe, will most assuredly fail and ought to fail. That is just the meaning of the words of him "who spake as never man spake," when he said, "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." Here is a book which dares to subject Christianity to that stern test. A book which undertakes to do that very thing. The author thus announces:

"This book is written from a philosophic, and not from a religious point of view. I have, therefore subjected Mosaism, as I have Heathenism, and as I shall in the next volume subject Christianity to criticism. * * * This work being an attempt on purely positive grounds to determine the religious instincts of humanity, the reader is requested to bear in mind, 1. That the existence of a God is not assumed; 2. That the truth of Revelation is not assumed, and 3. That hypothesis has been avoided, and the argument based on demonstration. I hope in this volume to show what are the religious instincts of humanity. In the second volume, I intend to show how that Christianity, by its fundamental Postulate, the Incarnation, assumes to meet all these instincts, how it actually does so meet them, and how failure is due to counteracting political or social causes."

In a handsome volume of more than 400 pages, all that is here proposed is treated in a masterly manner. And certainly for once, the dark and mysterious doctrines of religion, always distasteful and even dreadful to young persons, if not to old, are here treated in a most interesting if not captivating manner. And it would not be strange if this work of Mr. Gould should form a new starting point to the world in the never-ending research after the true and the eternal in the science of religion. No book has come into the market, certainly during the past year, that it is half so pleasant to recommend to the *reflecting* as well as the reading public, as this. It cannot be too widely nor too attentively read.

THINK AND ACT. A Series of Articles pertaining to Men and Women, Work and Wages. By Virginia Penny. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 821 Market street.

This book is just what it claims to be. As the very brief preface says: "It makes no pretension to anything more than it is—a few sober reflections on woman and her business interests." But it is, nevertheless, a work of much labor, both as to research and reflection. It contains 370 well-filled pages, almost every one of them fertile as a garden with just the fruitage that every woman, especially every *working* woman, should gather in. There was no need of casting such stones as the following at her coworkers in the cause of woman. The author says, on page 153:

"As a people, the reformers are much influenced by their prejudices. A desire for notoriety is the main spring of action with some of the leaders. They make an effort for the promotion of their own individual interests, regardless of the welfare of the sex. In order to receive more eclat themselves, they keep the public ignorant of those who have been quite as diligent and more self-sacrificing in the same cause, and have appropriated the result of their labor as the fruits of their own. But some of the members are undoubtedly honorable and conscientious women."

"Undoubtedly, *some* of them!" But the book must not be judged by this unlucky passage. From a hasty glance through its pages, I have discovered scarcely another line I would erase, and these only for the author's sake. They will injure her and the sale of the book, more than anybody or anything else. Perhaps they will do no harm. The book is divided into short chapters or essays, on almost every subject in which a business woman is interested. And certainly they contain innumerable most invaluable hints and suggestions which every such woman, and indeed every woman, can read and study to great advantage. It is a pleasure, therefore, to recommend the work to all who are interested in the enfranchisement, or the elevation, or the amelioration in any way of the condition of woman.

OLD AND NEW. Published monthly. Boston: Hurd & Houghton, 135 Washington street, and New York, 459 Broome street.

What induced Messrs. Hurd and Houghton to enter on this new and rather daring enterprise, it is not easy to understand. But they have done it, and it must be said they have begun well. For they have produced a new monthly magazine that in size, surpasses the largest before existing in the country, and in variety and ability, is not behind the best of them. It is to be edited by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, whose name is talent of the very highest order and true liberality of sentiment, guaranteed. It is to be a Family journal and adapted to all the branches of the family, young as well as old. Its contents are to include stories, essays, poems, scientific investigations and reports, sketches of travels, criticisms, kind, but fearless, and such as be a real guide to the purchase of books; and a record of progress in whatever tends to elevate and ameliorate the material, mental and spiritual condition of man. It makes large promise, but the first number shows the promise well kept. And it seems safe to predict for this journal an almost, and may be quite unexampled success in the history of this class of American literature. And the price is but four dollars a year.

GOOD HEALTH. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. Boston: Alexander Moore, 21 Franklin street. $2 a year; 2 copies, $5.

A quiet and unpretending little journal, but certainly one of the very best of its kind. The editor has, too, a lurking vein of irony, which he uses at times to advantage, thus:

"LADIES' PRIVILEGES.—The question of 'Woman's Rights' has of late received ample attention at the hands of the essayists. 'Ladies' privileges' shall receive a few lines from our pen. Forbid it, our gallantry, that we should say, that our fair readers do not deserve all they can possibly extort from the hands of their tyrants—and more. But, dear ladies, you have your privileges as well as your rights. Think how far you surpass the sterner sex in all the braveries of apparel; recall your partners, walking attendant at your sides, like ravens or jackdaws, in sober black, whilst you appear in the fabrics of Persia, diffusing around you the perfumes of Araby, and despoiling the very rainbow of its hues for the enhancement of your charms; and then reflect how differently all this is arranged in the world of birds, beasts, and savages; think by how much the males are finer and higher than the females. The tiger in the jungle rejoices in a spotted splendor, far greater in beauty than that which Nature has bestowed upon his spouse. The lion only wears the mane. Then look at the peacock, spreading his gorgeous plumage in the sun, whilst it has pleased Providence to make the peahen a very so-so affair. And amongst *the less civilized races*, from the feathered and paint-daubed savage in his wigwam to the Grand Turk on his throne, *it is the lords of creation* for whom the tailors make the rich and showy robes. And now contrast your husbands, fathers, and brothers, with yourselves: and tell us, is all this to stand for nothing?"

THE METROPOLITAN. A Journal devoted to Fashion. New York: G. Butterick & Co., 588 Broadway. Single copy, 15 cents.

The *Metropolitan* may be orthodox on the whole creed and catechism of Fashion, but what does it mean by stuff like this? Under the head of "Superfluous Women" it says:

"When one thinks of the ten thousand undertakings that only women can accomplish well, it seems a shame that the sex should have its standard lowered by a few unsexed fanatics. There is something so sharkish in the woman insurance broker, something so repugnant to the delicacy and retirement which are given to women by habit, nature, and religion, that one almost wishes public opinion would condemn female insurance brokerage so severely that the occupation would be abandoned. We think from the looks of things that there will have to be a new vocabulary of terms before long, for we are very sure there is a male, female, and neuter womanhood."

"Something heroic," the editor thinks, "there is in the woman doctor," and "something at least serious and unworldly in the career of the woman preacher, though women preachers as professionals, are rare." And then comes the quotation above on "Unsexed fanatics." What will become of the fashion-mongers when Paris prostitutes are converted to purity and American women become too wise to wear their cast off trumpery which *men* (not women) import for their use, to the beggary, too often, of their husbands and providers?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY got mislaid, or it would have been noticed last week, though it needs no new commendation to waft it successfully across from the old year to the new. Nor does it make nor need to make any new pledge or promise to its patrons for the incoming year. It cannot be called a truly progressive, certainly not a *radical* magazine. At best it is but the *ratchet* to the wheel. It holds all that is gained if it add nothing to the propelling force. But for skill in mechanical execution and ability in its conducting, it has little to fear from any of its now numerous competitors for the public favor. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. New York: 713 Broadway. $4 a year.

THE NURSERY. By far the prettiest and best book to present to children for Christmas or New Year's, is the bound volume of Mr. Shorey's last year's *Nursery for Youngest Readers*. And 1870 will be just as good as has been the past year. No family with young children that can possibly afford the $1.50 should be without it. And there are but few families that do not waste many times that amount, in the course of the year, on other indulgences of far less value to children, if not positively hurtful to them. Its cost can hardly be an objection, and all who can, should send for it at once, to Mr. J. L. Shorey, 13 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE is a beautifully printed and illustrated Monthly for young people, by Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge, Mass., and 459 Broome street, New York. $2.50 a year, in advance. Certainly too much in praise of this can hardly be said. The young people of the present period will be held responsible in after life for a great deal beyond any former generation, for surely none were ever so highly favored as they. The Riverside *Magazine* makes many old people almost wish to become young again; indeed makes them feel young as they peruse and admire its pages.

WOMAN AS INVENTOR. No. 1 of Woman Suffrage Tracts. By Mrs. M. E. Joslyn Gage, Fayetteville, N. Y. F. A. Darling. Mrs. Gage deserves the thanks as well as the most liberal patronage of the whole community for this valuable contribution to the literature of the Woman's Rights enterprise. It is to be hoped she has provided for a general snow-storm of this Tract over the whole country. This village and Brooklyn across the ferry, will be calling for it as soon as they read this notice, and what shall be said to them about it?

THE LITTLE CORPORAL. The west is lucky that the *Corporal* pitched his tent there. He is exactly the boy for the west, and THE REVOLUTION will always fight on his side if he fights fair. But he must give the girls fair play with the boys, as he doubtless will; for everybody out west is coming to believe in woman's equal rights with men, and girls with boys. Alfred L. Sewall & Co. are publishers at Chicago, Ill., and they send the *Corporal* as well armed and as wide awake as ever, for one dollar a year.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY. The January number is an improvement on all that have gone before, and that is saying much. As a teacher of youth Mr. Packard excels, and his *Monthly* he probably considers a part of his lessons. And no unimportant part they are, and in this department it were well if he had all the youth of the nation under his tuition. The *Monthly* is especially valuable as progressive and wide awake to the present and prospective. It believes in the equality of women and men, of boys and girls, in schools and everywhere else, where they go or stay; it hates rum-drinking, it loathes tobacco in all its forms; it rebukes vulgarity and profanity, and inculcates the virtues of temperance, so

briety and every manly and womanly grace; and is besides, a fountain of valuable information on a thousand important subjects, in science, history, philosophy and general literature, and only two dollars a year.

THE LAWS OF LIFE enters on the business of 1870 in a tone and manner that means business. Dr. Jackson is fortunate in having an able editorial associate in Dr. Harriet N. Austin, indeed at present the editor-in-chief. They hope by teaching and enforcing the *Laws of Life* to keep the people well. But should these laws be broken, then they invite the violators to their Water Cure at Dansville, N. Y., for cleansing and healing. The *Laws of Life* is monthly at a dollar a year.

EVERY SATURDAY. (Now) an illustrated journal of choice reading. It was considered by the public, good enough before, but the proprietors didn't think so, and so, without raising the price, they have been and doubled its size and added a splendid department of illustration to boot. Now let anybody beat it who can. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Only 10 cents a week; $4 a year.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Journal of Physical Culture. New York: Wood & Holbrook, 15 Laight street. $2 per annum. This magazine is too well and widely known to need recommendation. No health magazine in America surpasses it.

THE HOME MONTHLY, devoted to literature and religion. It is a liberal Methodist magazine, edited by A. B. Stark, Nashville, Tenn., and published at $3 a year.

THE AMERICAN SOVEREIGN is a new semi-monthly journal of politics, social science, rural affairs and general literature which appears for the first time with the opening year. And a capital beginning it makes, too; none better since THE REVOLUTION two years ago—up to the demand of the hour; for woman, too, as well as man, and only two dollars a year. McBride & Marat, 36 Dey street, New York, are the proprietors.

THE FAMILY DOOM; or, The Sin of a Countess. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Prince of Darkness," "Fallen Pride," "The Widow's Son," etc., etc., etc. 320 pages. Price $1.75 in cloth; or, $1.50 in paper cover. Peterson Brothers, Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. Devoted to popular instruction and literature. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 14 Bond street, New York. $1.50 a year, and worth the money.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER. Rev. E. Eggleston, editor. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon. New York: Randolph & Co., 770 Broadway. $1.50 in advance.

MAPLE LEAVES. A domestic magazine of useful information and amusement. O. A. Roorbach, 102 Nassau street, New York.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, for the home circle. Boston: Universalist Publishing House, 37 Cornhill. $2.50 a year.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY. New York: American Missionary Association, 53 John street. 50 cents a year.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson over fifteen years. It has done the sewing for two families, and numerous benevolent purposes, without one cent of repairs. I had no personal instructions, but simply followed the printed directions.

Coldwater, Mich. MRS. R. E. HALE.

A YOUNG lady of Dubuque, Iowa, has been imprisoned as insane in the State Lunatic Asylum for fourteen months, according to the Dubuque *Herald*, because she was unwilling to accept a lover whom her parents prescribed on account of his supposed money, and left on home for refuge among friends.

ANNA GARESCHNA, a young girl at Kieff in Russia, recently rescued several children from a burning house which none of the firemen dared to enter. The Emperor upon hearing of her heroism, sent her a thousand silver roubles, and the Empress presented her with a valuable necklace.

MRS. STANTON'S APPOINTMENTS.

Coldwater,	Mich.,	Jan. 5th.
Adrian,	"	" 6th.
Jackson,	"	" 7th.
Marshall,	"	" 8th.
Grand Rapids,	"	" 11th.
East Saginaw,	"	" 13th.
Washington,	D. C.	" 19th, 20th.

THE following Petition was adopted by the National Woman's Suffrage Association at their meeting held at the Woman's Bureau, June 1:

To The Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

The undersigned men and women of the United States ask for the prompt passage by your Honorable bodies of a Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, to be submitted to the Legislatures of the several States for ratification, which shall secure to all citizens the right of Suffrage, without distinction of sex.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible for their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

GOVERNMENT BONDS WITHOUT INTEREST.

IF, as stated in our last number, the present National Banking Law should be amended so as to make it free, the circulation secured by bonds drawing no interest, we can see that while a prosperous business might be done by the banks organized under it, as was done by the old State Banks, that the direct benefits to the Government would be immense, and to the people still greater results would flow both directly and indirectly.

The causes are three fold which have produced the dearth of banking capital. 1st. The limited amount originally created. 2d. Growth of the country and opening of the South. 3d. The "call loans," drawing so large a share of it to this city, when but little of it is used except by the bulls and bears. These causes have almost impoverished the country. It is estimated that Michigan has not banking capital enough for its lumber business alone; and throughout the west and south the destitution is equally great. The few banks there are doing a business far greater than was formerly deemed safe or legitimate, and at rates fearfully exorbitant to the borrower.

No doubt can be entertained that if free banking was permitted, an immense demand for government bonds without interest would spring up as security for the circulation of the banks organized under it. They could as well afford to hold government bonds without interest as they formerly did coin without interest. Our government debt would for all practicable purposes be converted into coin, and our country really as much enriched as though a billion of dollars were dug from our mines. President Grant thinks our present 6 per cent. should be converted into a new loan not exceeding 4½ per cent., and Secretary Boutwell says by paying the interest in gold at the great money centres of Europe, that our present bonds could be converted at lower rates. They seem to entertain no thought of dictating their own terms, but really seeking for such as foreigners are pleased to grant us.

A free banking law would in a year or two absorb all the indebtedness our government wishes to convert, as we have proposed without any interest whatever. Who can estimate the blessings to our people with such results!

If our Government could be relieved of its load of annual interest, or the most of it, our Internal Revenue tax might be abolished, and this odious measure brought to an end. It has been a most grievous millstone on our necks, and under Andy Johnson's reign became a mighty engine of espionage and despotism, the terror of the upright and the delight of the whiskey rings, the former the scape goats of the latter. If it was thought advisable to retain it upon whiskey and tobacco, the duties on tea, coffee, spices and other articles not produced in our own country might be taken off.

The benefits of cheap capital to the enterprise and prosperity of the country can scarcely be estimated. Great as is our success in improving the condition of our people and country, there is no reason why we cannot develop much more rapidly than we ever have done the innumerable enterprises which add to the power, greatness, wealth and glory of our people and nation. At this very time thousands of projects are lying dormant, and myriads of our people are unemployed who might be executing them. Cheap and abundant capital would accomplish both, and our land be benefitted by them.

There can be no cheap capital while the government is offering its present high rates of interest. People prefer government to individual security, because it is safer and more convertible. During the war, when its life was at stake and hung trembling in the balance, our government was compelled to bid high rates for the surplus capital of the country to sustain its existence. Now, after five years of profound peace, this same war measure still exists, and the government paying the same enormous rates, it of course absorbs everything except when overbid by still more greedy borrowers. Both are sharply competing, and of course the lenders profit enormously. There is no longer a necessity for this, and it ought to be speedily changed.

By becoming the security for free banks, government bonds without interest would answer every purpose of coin, and instead of a competitor for the small amount of capital now loaned in our country, the debt would thus be converted into a loan of itself vastly augmented by the increased currency secured by it. The effect would be prodigious in thus adding immensely to the capital resources, and as all would be safe beyond contingency, the utmost confidence would universally prevail and a feeling of buoyancy be felt by all which would stimulate labor, trade and enterprise of every kind to a degree never before realized. G. B. SMITH.

TO EQUALIZE GREENBACKS, COIN AND BONDS.

THE following extract from Mr. Charles Reemelin's exhibit in the Commoner of his plan for equalizing coin and greenbacks, and for a just adjustment of the bonded debt, gives the main features, leaving out the argument and illustration:

It is, that a provision be inserted in the Constitution requiring a reminting of all our coins, so that where they now contain one hundred cents of metal, they will hereafter contain only seventy-five, the names of the coins to remain as now.

This measure is admitted to be sweeping in its effect,

but it sweeps away not a penny of real value. The cobwebs of our financial and pecuniary errors are the only things removed.

1. It reduces the principal of the debt (counting by the present dollar) from one hundred to seventy-five cents and it does it at the market rate, fixed for us abroad. We do not make it, but accept it, as we find it.

2. It reduces all interest from six per cent. to four and a half per cent.

3. It facilitates resumption of specie payments, because it increases the nominal value of all specie on hand, both in banks and in the Treasury.

4. It adjusts all the accounts of private debtors and creditors, on a fair and just basis.

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DIVIDENDS PAYABLE IN CASH.

LOSSES PAYABLE IN CASH.

WM. G. LAMBERT, JR., PRESIDENT.

ASHER S. MILLS, SECRETARY. JAS. D. REYMERT, COUNSEL.

WORKING AGENTS WANTED IN ALL THE STATES. APPLY TO THE HOME OFFICE.